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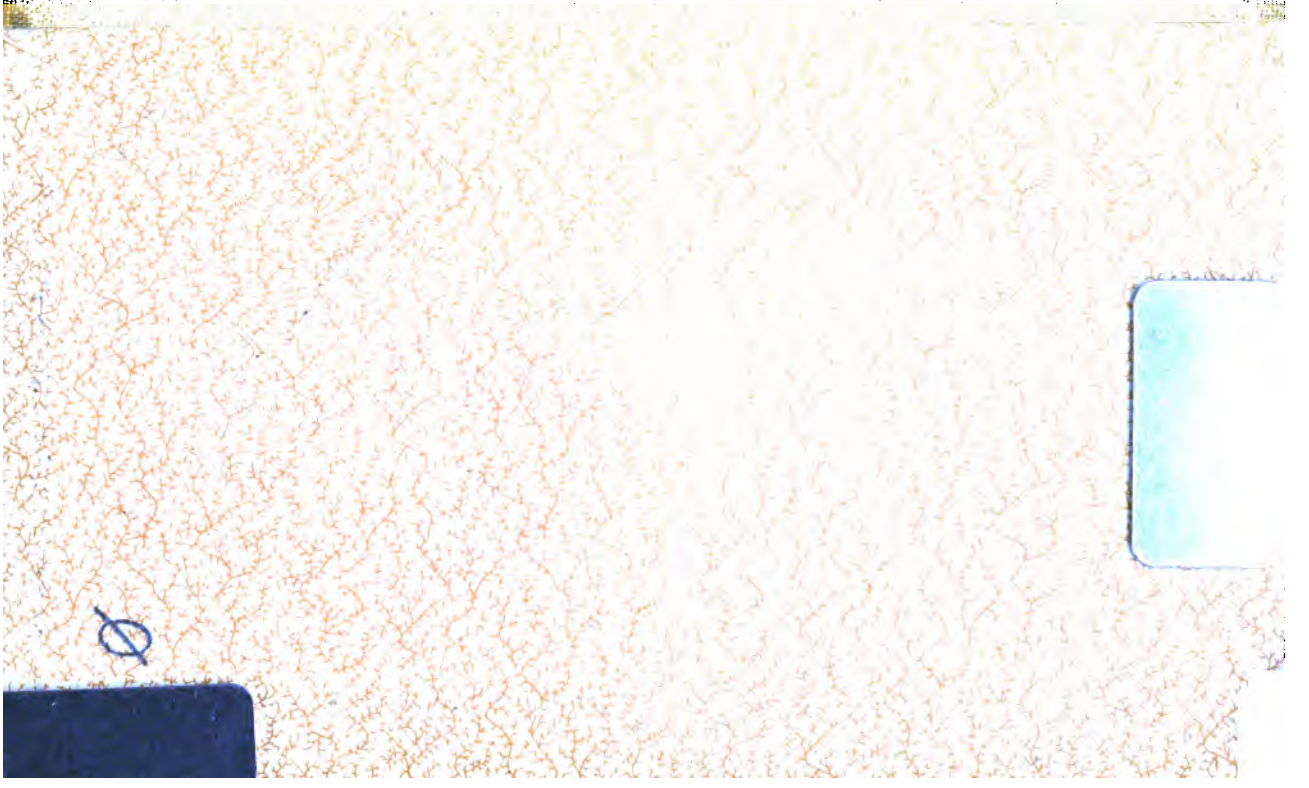
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MARION HARLAND

AUTHOR OF "SOME COLONIAL HOMESTEADS AND THEIR STORIES," "WHERE GHOSTS WALK," ETC.

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To

My Friend and Pastor,

REVEREND GEORGE ALEXANDER, D.D.

whose Scottish ancestors, for three hundred years,
bravely kept the faith he holds and teaches,

This Book,

written with a willing hand and a full heart,
in the Scotland secured to the Protestant Church
by John Knox,

Is Affectionately Dedicated.

Marion Harland.

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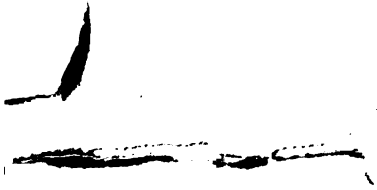
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JOHN KNOX

CHAPTER I

JOHN ROUGH — CARDINAL BEATOUN — GEORGE WISHART—KNOX AS WISHART'S ACOLYTE—KNOX'S CALL TO THE PULPIT

"UPON a day fixed for the purpose," not long after Eastertide in the year of Our Lord 1547, John Rough, for some time Chaplain of the Castle of St. Andrews, in the Scottish town of that name, preached a notable sermon to the garrison and others there assembled.

The Chaplain was about seven-and-forty years of age. As a hot-headed lad of seventeen, he had quarrelled with his parents, and enrolled himself, against their will, as a postulant in a monastery. His training there, and his residence with the brotherhood for several years, do not imply that

he had what was esteemed, even in that rude age, a liberal education.

"The kingdom," we are told, "swarmed with ignorant, idle, and dissolute monks, who, like locusts, devoured the fruits of the earth and filled the air with pestilential infection."

John Rough never became "scholarly." He thought clearly and acted fearlessly upon his convictions. The light kindled upon the Continent of Europe by Martin Luther—himself a converted monk—had run like wild-fire from kingdom to kingdom, and reached Scotland, a country that has ever been proverbially reluctant to give up old lamps for new. When Rough avowed himself a convert to the Reformed Religion and began to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, he found a patron in the Earl of Arran, for a while Regent of Scotland. This nobleman, for reasons then best known to himself, and patent now to the world, had ostentatiously professed the Protestant faith. Rough's chaplaincy under his titled friend was speedily ended by Arran's return to the Roman Catholic Church. His less facile protégé was chosen to the spiritual leadership of a growing

congregation gathered within the celebrated stronghold of St. Andrews.

A religious house was built in the sixth century upon the steep crags overlooking the estuary of the Eden River and the sea. The magnificent Cathedral, now a ruin, was founded in 1160, and completed about 1271. The Castle was begun in 1200, and remained an Episcopal palace for four hundred years. Three times it was levelled to the foundations, and three times rebuilt, and more strongly than before, until it was reckoned one of the most nearly impregnable fortresses of Scotland. In the warlike age we are depicting, both Cathedral and Castle were "manned with men, weapons, and artillery."

Cardinal Beatoun—nephew of the Archbishop who, in 1528, sought to stamp out the first feeble sparks of the Scottish Reformation by burning the gallant Patrick Hamilton upon the Castle Green—had succeeded to his kinsman's churchly functions and a double portion of his spirit. Gentle George Wishart—of whom further mention will be made—was burned by David Beatoun's orders, in front of the Castle, on the 1st of March, 1546, "while the Cardinal and

his associates, reclining on rich cushions, feasted their eyes on his torments."

Beatoun was still persecuting "all who were of the Way, haling men and women to prison," hanging peasants for eating meat on Friday, and drowning mothers with their babies in their arms for refusing to pray to the Virgin Mary, when a surprise attack was made upon the Castle on the night of May 29th, by a party of but sixteen men; the guards were overpowered, and Beatoun was slain, calling out to the assailants not to kill him, "for he was a priest."

A letter written the next day adds that, when the townspeople rushed to the Castle, alarmed by the noise within and the ringing of the great bell, the conspirators wrapped the bloody corpse "in a pair of sheets, and hung him over the wall by one arm and one foot, and bade the people 'see there their god'!"

"One of the foulest crimes that ever stained a country!" is the indignant outbreak of a Catholic historian. "The Cardinal was basely slaughtered," said a would-be impartial contemporary. One who, living nearer our times, weighed pro-

vocation and retribution with a steadier hand, writes the desperate remedy down as "tyrannicide."

The sixteen men who had done the deed remained in the Castle, and, receiving reinforcements from England, held it successfully against the double apostate Arran, when, urged by the clergy to avenge their leader's death, he laid siege to the fortress. Finding force ineffectual, he drew off his soldiers, baffled, but not despairing.

The small garrison was then reinforced by many who, without sharing in the conspiracy that had rid the land of a tyrant, had suffered in divers ways for their attachment to the Reformed faith, and had reason to dread the general persecution likely to follow Beatoun's assassination.. More than one Christian man and woman echoed, sorrowfully, the spirit of a doggerel rhyme of the day :

> "As for the Cardinal, we grant
> He was a man we weel might want.

[that is, could do well without]—

> And we 'll forget him sone.
> And yet I think, 't is sooth to say,
> Although the loon is weel away,
> *The deed was foully done.*"

Prominent Protestants were not safe for an hour in the free air of the world without the Castle walls. Country homesteads were closed, and town lodgings left vacant, while their owners bestowed themselves and families within the frowning keep overlooking the great and wide sea.

Conspicuous among the refugees was the "Poet of the Reformation," Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lyon King-at-Arms. James IV. and James V. had showed him flattering notice at Court. After the death of the latter, he "was left exposed to the vengeance of the clergy," offended by his lampoons upon their dissolute lives and the abuses of a system that fostered scandals to religion and outrages to decency.

Henry Balnaves, eminent as a lawyer in the courts of St. Andrews, a member of the Scottish Parliament, and much respected by the King (James V.), was, like Lindsay, a superseded member of Arran's council. Balnaves had learned Protestantism in Germany, and never dissembled his faith after his return to Scotland. His uncompromising loyalty to his principles was widely known throughout the kingdom. No fugi-

tive to the castellated Cave of Adullam had more stringent need of the shelter it offered while the persecution was as the blast of the terrible ones against the wall.

Hugh Douglas of Langniddrie, an influential laird of East Lothian, and John Cockburn, better known in the history of the Reformation by the name of his estate of Ormiston, had withdrawn to St. Andrews with their young sons, bringing with them the boys' tutor, John Knox.

This tutor was sedate in appearance, quiet in manner, and studious in habits. He was already near his fortieth year, yet all that is certainly known of his life prior to his retreat to St. Andrews could be condensed into a single page. Of his pedigree one admirer wrote :

> " First, he descended but of lineage small ;
> As commonly God uses for to call
> The simple sort His summons to express."

Knox made no secret of his humble origin. It is from himself that we have the interesting fact of his feudal connection with the House of Bothwell. That turbulent Earl, having fallen into disgrace at the

Scottish Court soon after his first marriage, sought out Knox, then the pastor of St. Giles, and with much pretence of penitence for the general sinfulness of his past life, and divers particular enormities, entreated the minister to counsel and comfort him. Knox, always over-ready to believe every man sincere until proved to be false, expressed himself in friendly terms to his visitor.

"For, albeit to this hour it hath not chanced me to speak with your Lordship, face to face, yet have I borne a good mind to your house, and have been sorry at my heart of the troubles I have heard you to be involved in. For, my Lord, my grandfather, *guid-sire* and father, have served your Lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards, and this is a part of the obligation of our Scottish kindness."

A Scottish biographer makes this careless summary of the first twenty years of Knox's life:

"He was the son of a poor countryman. His parents, 'though in a mean condition, put their son to the grammar-school of Haddington, where, after he had learned his grammar, he served, for some time, the Langniddrie children."

A more careful writer fills up a palpable hiatus in the foregoing sketch:

"Knox entered the family of Langniddrie *after he had finished his education at the University*, and so late as 1547, he was employed in teaching the young men their grammar."

Other and yet more diligent biographers have proved that, after leaving the University, he was ordained a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, then the established religion of Scotland. His own impenetrable reserve concerning the dark middle age of his personal history, covered by the dozen years or so following his graduation from the University, has helped to obscure it for us. It is affirmed by those whose habit it is to speak advisedly that, as a student of scholastic theology, he took especial pleasure in the writings of Jerome and Augustine, and was led through them to closer examination of the Holy Scriptures "as the only pure fountain of Divine Truth." According to one of these, "His religious views had undergone a material change in 1535, but he did not embrace the Protestant faith fully until 1542."

Yet, in 1543, he signed a deed as "No-

tary, by Apostolical authority,"—meaning Papal warrant,—and dated the same, "In the Year of the Pontificate of our most Holy Father and Lord in Christ, the Lord Paul, Pope by the Providence of God."

A Roman Catholic rhymer, in an abusive tirade, published in 1581, calls Knox,—

> "That false apostate priest,
> Enemy to Christ and man's salvation."

It is as nearly certain as any event can be made to us which is buried in the long-unraked ashes of three centuries, that the human instrument in John Knox's full spiritual enlightenment, if not in his abrupt conversion, was George Wishart, a nobly born and learnèd clergyman, commonly known as "Maister George of Burnet's Colledge." He was banished from Scotland—probably about 1540—for teaching the Greek Testament, and lived for several years in Cambridge, England. A curious entry in the annals of the City of Bristol leads us to believe that he was tried for a lecture containing "the most blasphemous heresy that ever was heard, openly declaring that Christ's Mother hath not nor could merit for Him, nor yet for us." For this



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offence, "George Wysard, a Scot," was made to do penance in St. Nicholas Church by "bearing a fagot."

Returning to Scotland upon a mission from Henry VIII., he began to preach the Reformed faith throughout the country, awakening enthusiasm that aroused the Papal authorities to a sense of the peril to established institutions.

A grateful pupil says of his beloved master that

"He was comely of personage, courteous, lowly, lovely, glad to teach, and desirous to learn. . . . A man modest, temperate, fearing God, hating covetousness, for his charity had never end, night, noon nor day. . . . If I should declare his love to me and to all men, his charity to the poor in giving, relieving, caring, helping, providing, yea, infinitely studying how to do good unto all, and hurt to none, I should sooner want words than just cause to commend him."

Dr. McCrie corroborates and adds to the above testimony:

"George Wishart excelled all his countrymen at that period in learning; he was of the most persuasive eloquence, irreproachable in life, courteous and affable in manners. His fervent piety, zeal and courage in the cause of truth, were tempered with meekness, modesty, patience, prudence and charity."

Such is the Christlike portrait of him whose devoted disciple John Knox became, and continued to be throughout the year immediately preceding Wishart's death. After an attempt was made at Dundee to kill the Evangelist, Knox remained in close attendance upon his person, "carrying a two-handed sword before him" in token of the Reformers' determination to defend their champion by force of arms, if necessary.

The day came in which Wishart, having received a private, although ambiguous, warning that Beatoun's officers had orders to apprehend him, "took his good-night, as if forever, of the friends who were wont to accompany him to his 'preaching-place.'"

"John Knox pressing to have gone with the said Master George, he said: 'Nay! return to your bairns [meaning his pupils], 'and God bless you! One is enough for a sacrifice.' And so he caused a two-handed sword, which commonly was carried with the said Master George, to be taken from the said John Knox, who unwillingly obeyed, and returned with Hugh Douglas of Langniddrie. The same night Wishart was arrested by the Earl of Bothwell, and afterwards handed over to the Cardinal Archbishop [Beatoun], tried by him as a heretic, and on the first of March, 1546, burnt in front of the Cardinal's Castle of St. Andrews."

Knox's instructions to the sons of Langniddrie and Ormiston were not confined to "grammar" and other secular studies. With the solemn shadow of his spiritual father's martyrdom upon him, he inculcated the principles of the pure and lofty Faith for which Wishart had died, and invited the Langniddrie family to attend what grew into a large Bible Class. As the numbers were augmented by the attendance of friends and acquaintances from the neighbouring estates, the Class met in a Chapel, the ruins of which are still pointed out as "John Knox's Kirk."

Such a work at such a time could not pass unrebuked. Arran's illegitimate brother, John Hamilton, was Beatoun's successor in the Bishopric of St. Andrews, and so keen a hunt was set on foot for the offending catechist that he determined to escape to Germany and study there, "never having learned the Hebrew tongue." He was, however, over-persuaded to go with his friendly employers into what they believed to be the secure refuge of St. Andrews, "that himself might have the benefit of the Castle, and their children the benefit of his teaching."

Within the stronghold the Bible classes

were carried on with such success that the tutor was presently urged to become John Rough's colleague, or, in the phrase of the petitioners, that he "would take the preaching-place upon him." But he utterly refused, alleging that he "would not run until God had called him."

Thus stood affairs with the Church that was in the Castle on the Lord's Day set forth for John Rough's sermon "On the Election of Ministers."

Chroniclers of those stern and stirring times had too many events to jot down to waste time upon dramatic accessories. Yet we wish we knew in what part of the chapel one unsuspecting auditor sat while the discourse went on. Not in the pulpit, assuredly, for he had not been "called" to the ministry. His position must, nevertheless, have been so conspicuous that the congregation could watch him and his reception of the various points made by his friend.

Those for whom John Knox's name conjures up the image of a physical giant are confounded at hearing that he was below the medium height of manhood. His shoulders were broad, his chest was deep; his joints were well knit together, his limbs

long in proportion to his height. His hair and thick flowing beard were black, and, at forty, threaded lightly with silver; his complexion was as dark as an Italian's. The mouth was large, and the upper lip too full. His forehead, broad at the base, rose into ridges above the brows and was deeply creased between them. His eyes were the best feature in a physiognomy that was, after all, rather comely than harsh. They were dark blue, deep-set, clear and piercing, never furtive, and always fearless.

"In his settled and severe countenance there dwelt a natural dignity and majesty which was by no means ungracious, but in anger, authority sat upon his brow."

Rough's oratory at all times lacked the persuasive eloquence of Wishart's. Still he had a sledge-hammer force of his own and used it adroitly on this occasion in driving home and clinching the dogma that any organised congregation had the right to call to the work of the ministry any man whom the leading members of said congregation adjudged to be well fitted for the office, and "how dangerous it was for such a person to reject the call of those who desired instruction."

The peroration of a discourse the end and aim of which were fully comprehended by all present save the one it should have touched most nearly was, therefore, surprising to nobody else:

"The said John Rough, preacher, directed his words to the said John Knox, saying:—'Brother! ye shall not be offended albeit that I speak unto you that which I have in charge even from all those who are here present, which is this;—

"'In the name of God and His Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of these that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation, but as you tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, and the comfort of me whom you understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labours,—that you take the public office and charge of preaching, even as you look to avoid God's heavy displeasure and desire that He shall multiply His graces unto you.'

"And in the end he said to those who were present, 'Was not this your charge to me? And do ye not approve of this vocation?'

"They answered, 'It was, and we do approve it.'

"Whereat, the said John, abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behaviour, from that day to the day that he was compelled to present himself in the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart, for no man saw any sign of mirth from him, neither had he pleasure to accompany any man for many days together."



CHAPTER II

BIRTH OF REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND—CONFLICT IN KNOX'S MIND — DEBATE AT ST. LEONARD'S — FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER — SIEGE OF ST. ANDREWS—SURRENDER OF GARRISON

WHILE a sustained effort will be made to avoid statistics and dry details in what is the story of one man's life, and not the history of a national revolution, we cannot enter intelligently into the "grief and trouble" of Knox's great heart without knowing something of the temper of the times in which he lived.

First of all, we must bear constantly in mind that the existence of a Church apart from the State was a novel theory to ecclesiastics and politicians, and that the State Religion of Scotland, maintained by legal tithes and enforced by civil authority, was

that of the Roman Catholic Church. The little leaven brought by men like John Major, Patrick Hamilton, and George Wishart from the land where the tenets held by Luther, Melancthon, and Zwinglius had free course and were glorified, had, it is true, wrought sensibly in many minds. But those "many" were now, and for a long time to come, to remain a minority in a nation where, as one of their own writers laments—"Of the doctrine of Christianity almost nothing remained but the name."

Innes, cool of head and judicial of speech, writes:

"The Holy See had been allowed, some centuries before, to claim Scotland as a country which belonged to it in a peculiar sense, and the Church of Scotland as subject to it specially and immediately."

Proprietorship and subjection were so well established in the course of these centuries that the people had come to receive both as incontrovertible truths with which, as individuals, they had little to do. They accepted their clergy, "idle, ignorant, and dissolute" though they were, as fixed facts, and vexed their slow brains little with doubts as to whether or not the practice of

their teachers agreed with the precepts of a Book to which the clergy held the key.

Fifteen years before John Knox called himself a Protestant, the Scottish Parliament forbade the entrance of Luther's writings, and those of his disciples, into "a realm which had always been clean of such filth and vice." The death of Patrick Hamilton, who was of royal lineage, and personally endowed with rich mental and moral graces, shocked the nation out of its apathy.

"The flames in which he expired," says an eloquent writer, "were, in the course of one generation, to enlighten all Scotland, and to consume with avenging fury the Catholic superstition, the Papal power and the Prelacy itself."

The Kings of Scotland had been, as a rule, if not tolerant of heresy, negligent in prosecuting "suspects." But James V., bullied or cajoled by the Beatouns, signed a statute making heresy a capital offence. Under this statute Patrick Hamilton was burned. After Henry VIII. had substituted his royal despotism in England for the Papal See, making his kingdom nominally Protestant, James, adored by his subjects

as the "Good Man of Ballengeich," witnessed in person the *auto da fé* of five Scottish schismatics upon Castle Hill in Edinburgh. The Reformers enjoyed a brief respite while the Regent Arran played the Protestant. In 1542, the publication of the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue put them into the hands and hearts of thousands. "The Bible was to be seen on every gentleman's table. The New Testament was in almost every one's hands."

When Arran threw off the mask in the following year, and Cardinal Beatoun was virtually the first man in the kingdom, the Word of God could not be bound. The arbitrary churchman left no means untried to beat back the tidal wave of independent thought. "Not to be a member of the Church had always meant death. Now, it was death by statute to argue against the Pope's authority. It was unlawful even to enter into discussion on matters of Religion. Those who left the country to avoid the fatal censure of the Church were held by law to be already condemned."

The lists of the proscribed contained the names of wealthy burgesses and humble craftsmen, huddled "together with Lords,

Earls, Barons, and gentlemen, besides some of the finest scholars in Scotland, many of whom fled to England and the Continent."

"To maintain their authority and to preserve those corruptions from which they derived their wealth, the clergy would willingly have driven into banishment all the learnèd men in the kingdom, and quenched forever the light of science in Scotland," is the bitter comment of a Scottish chronicler upon the introduction of the Inquisition into David Beatoun's see. And back of a remorseless ecclesiastical tyranny was the whole force of a Government wedded to the Church.

Not one of the band of refugees entrenched in the Castle of St. Andrews knew better than John Knox what measure of mercy would be meted out to them should the unequal contest with the ruling powers end in the defeat of the beleaguered garrison. He knew—no man better, having been himself a priest—what the Church they defied had at stake, and the deathless energy with which her asserted rights would be defended. Above and underneath all, he comprehended, what neither soldier nor laird had begun to appreciate,—

that the breach made by their secession from the State Church could never be repaired.

A new faith, and perhaps a new State, must rise upon the wreck of the old, if the Reformers succeeded. Between that triumph and the present distress yawned a gulf of frightful probabilities that might have daunted the most daring dreamer.

Knox was no dreamer. Nor—opposed as the declaration is to our preconceived ideal of one whom intervening ages have persisted in regarding as a post-type of warlike Elijah and of the fiery-tongued Baptist—was he a man of war from his youth up. Prior to the Lord's Day that witnessed Rough's dramatic *coup d'état*, there is no indication in his life, as we have it, of a controversial, still less of a belligerent, turn of mind. The biographer who tells us most of the process which converted the servant of the "Lord Paul, Pope by the Providence of God," into the Evangelist Wishart's sword-bearer, intimates that seven years elapsed between the dawn of light in his soul and the shining forth into the perfect day of such faith, hope, peace, and joy as the world, henceforward,

was not to disturb or take away. In speech he was sometimes rash, in judgment, never. He was busy with his catechumens in the Langniddrie Chapel, studying, with them, the Gospel of St. John, when John Hamilton's bloodhounds drove him into the Castle.

"There he conducted the education of his pupils after the accustomed manner. In the chapel within the walls, he read to them lectures upon the Scriptures, beginning at the place in the Gospel according to St. John, where he had left off at Langniddrie."

The review of what, up to that Eastertide, 1547, does not merit the title of a "career" sends us for a Scriptural parallel further back than to John the Baptist's sudden shout out of the wilderness of Judea, or the appearance of Elijah the Tishbite, unannounced, in the presence of the King with—"As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these three years, but according to my word." The call to the Scottish Reformer was as startling as the flash of the burning bush to the eyes of Moses, in the peaceful seclusion in which he had

dwelt, for forty years, in the land of Midian. The parallelism becomes forcible with the reading of the anguished pleadings of the called leader with the Lord from whom the command had proceeded.

"Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh?" cried the diffident shepherd of Horeb. And—"What shall I say unto them?" Then—"They will not believe me!" Finally—"O my Lord! I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant, but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue!"

Knox says of himself that he was "weak and an unworthy creature, *and ever a fearful man*, contented only to have obeyed the voice of Him who commanded me to cry." And in later years, harking back to this epoch:

> "For, being drowned in ignorance, Thou hast given me knowledge above the common sort of my brethren. My tongue hast Thou used to set forth Thy glory, to oppugne idolatry, errors and false doctrine. *Thou hast compelled me to forespeak*, as well deliverance to the afflicted, as destruction to certain inobedient."

The quiet-mannered tutor, who had, at Wishart's behest, returned to teach his "bairns" from the Evangel of Love, died

to himself and to the studious seclusion he loved during the "many days together" he spent within his locked chamber. It was the soldier, armed to the teeth for battle, and, for long, mirthless, who emerged from the secret place where he had held such communing with God as man can never reveal to his brother man.

He was soon to prove his armour. A challenge was sent by the Dean of St. Leonard's College (also situated in the town of St. Andrews) to Rough, who, "although sound in doctrine, was a man of moderate literary acquirements."

"The Church is infallible," said the Church's champion. "The Church has condemned the tenets of the Lutherans as heretical. What need of further controversy?"

Rough appealed to his colleague for help in answering this sophistry. Knox's response is worthy of quotation as the first public sound of the Voice "which"—the English ambassador wrote to Cecil, fourteen years later—"is able to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."

After alluding to the obvious propriety of

determining what is the True Church before submitting to the Dean's ultimatum, he says:

"As for your Roman Church, as it is now corrupted, wherein stands the hope of your victory,—I no more doubt that it is the synagogue of Satan, and the head thereof, called the Pope, to be that Man of Sin of whom the Apostle speaks, than I doubt that Jesus Christ suffered by the procurement of the visible Church of Jerusalem. Yes, I offer myself by word or writing, to prove the Roman Church this day farther degenerate from the purity which was in the days of the Apostles, than was the Church of the Jews from the ordinances given by Moses, when they consented to the innocent death of Jesus Christ."

The people called together to hear challenge and reply demanded Knox's proofs for the audacious deliverance. He gave them, at length, on the next Lord's Day in the parish church of St. Andrews. The house was thronged with a great multitude of citizens, the professors of the University of Scotland, the sub-prior of the Abbey, and many other ecclesiastics, together with the faculty and students of St. Leonard's College, and the garrison from the Castle. In the audience was also John Major (or Mair), who had been Knox's favourite pro-

fessor in the University of Glasgow. His teachings upon church polity and the rights of the governed in the nation were the germs of the political opinions subsequently avowed and advocated by his distinguished pupil.

The text for the day's discourse was in the seventh chapter of Daniel, the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses, containing the interpretation of the Ten Horns that signified Ten Kings, and the One who should arise after them.

Before he left the pulpit, sermon and preacher were historic. Some of the opinions passed upon both are thus quaintly reported :

"Some said, 'Others have hewed the branch of Papistry, but he striketh at the root to destroy the whole.'

"Others said, 'If the doctors and *magistri nostri* defend not now the Pope and his authority, which in their own presence is so manifestly impugned, the devil have my part of him and his laws both.'

"Others said, 'Mr. George Wishart spake never so plainly, and yet he was burnt. Even so will he [Knox] be in the end.'

"Others said, 'The tyranny of the Cardinal made not his cause the better, neither yet the suffering of God's servant made his cause the worse. . . . And, therefore, we would counsel you and them to provide

better defences than fire and sword, for it may be that all ye shall be disappointed. Men now have other eyes than they had then.'

"*This* answer gave the Laird of Nydrie" (Langniddrie).

The last oracular utterance of the prudent Laird, Knox's whilom patron, voices the sentiment of the long-headed and canny Scot of his generation. The boldest durst not so much as think of Revolution, but any change was fraught with danger. As parent and landholder, Langniddrie deprecated recourse to "fire and sword" on the part of those of his own way of thinking, as well as on the part of their opponents.

The immediate result of the sermon and the commotion it caused was a sharp letter from Archbishop Hamilton to John Winram, sub-prior of St. Leonard's and Vicar-General of the Diocese, calling him to account for not interfering to prevent such heretical and seditious utterances. Winram was, at heart, Knox's friendly admirer, but he had no option when his superior gave an order. Knox and Rough were arraigned as teachers of false doctrine, and were tried before a convocation, drawn

from the University and the friars of the Abbey. As might have been anticipated from Knox's familiarity with the creeds and traditions of the Church in which he had borne orders, the debate opened by the half-hearted sub-prior, and carried forward on that side by a member of the order of Grey Friars, ended in the mortifying defeat of the monk.

But for the grim guns of the Castle tenanted by the disaffected, the victorious colleagues would have been summarily silenced, and forever. While the Cave of Adullam sheltered heretics, and the study of the Bible and the new ways of thinking were pursued so zealously in Winram's own college that a taint of Lutheranism was defined as "having drunk of St. Leonard's Well," actual violence was more than impolitic.

Legal and ecclesiastical authorities could, and did, fill the pulpits with their own preachers on Sabbaths to the exclusion of Rough and Knox, but the latter was not prohibited from lecturing, and even preaching, on week-days. What would be reported now as a powerful revival of religion followed these services. The con-

verts among the soldiery, and a large number of townspeople, who had been born and bred in the Romish Church, partook of the Lord's Supper administered by the two Chaplains. Wishart had presided at the same Feast held privately together with a few faithful friends a little while before his death. The St. Andrews Feast was the first public celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the Protestant mode ever held in Scotland. The sensation produced by the overt act of law-breaking hurried on the fate of the devoted band. The English forces had been withdrawn when Arran raised the siege, and the Scots were left in the Castle, with the promise that help would be forthcoming if needed.

For three months of doubtful calm, Knox laboured hopefully in his parish of garrison and town. Rough's departure for England made him sole pastor of the heterogeneous flock, for the time. He grew more earnest in admonition of the ill-instructed soldiery as rumours of a renewal of hostilities became rife. Piety, he told them, must be joined with purity of life, or it would come to naught.

George Buchanan, historian and poet, gives us this glimpse of the interior of the threatened Castle :

"Neither could they be reclaimed by the preaching of John Knox, who often warned them that God would not be mocked, but would take severe vengeance of these, who were violators of His laws."

Another goes more into particulars :

"When they boasted of their temporary successes, he replied, 'Ye see not what I see!' When they bragged of the force and thickness of their walls, he said, 'They shall be as egg-shells,' and when they vaunted, 'England will rescue us!' his answer ever was, 'Ye shall not see them, but ye shall be delivered into your enemies' hands, and shall be carried into a strange country.'"

The arrival of a French fleet, commanded by Leon Strozzi, in the harbour of St. Andrews, late in June, 1547, and the simultaneous appearance of the Regent's army, reinforced by several companies of French soldiers, before the Castle, put an end to deceitful hopes and uncertainties. Word had been sent, several weeks before, to England of the imminence of the attack, but the promised succour was not given. For thirty days the unequal contest was

continued in the desperate fancy that the allies would redeem their pledge. On the 31st of July honourable terms of surrender were agreed upon with the invaders.

The garrison laid down their arms and were marched to the fleet, the victors engaging to spare their lives and to transport them comfortably to France. When there, those who cared to enter the French army would have the opportunity to do so. Those who declined this offer might find an asylum in any other country they should choose—always excepting Scotland.

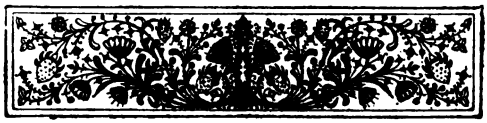
With the sadly silent company who went on board the foreign vessels walked their Chaplain. Several chances of escape had been offered him during the siege, but he refused to leave his post of duty, electing to share the fate of his comrades.

The fleet lay in the offing for some days before setting sail for France. The prisoners, in their weary waiting, were in full sight of the Castle and the hills, purple in the sunny weather that is nowhere lovelier than in bonny Scotland when the heather is in blossom. They watched, with hot and heavy hearts, the "dinging down" of the Castle at the command of Arran. It

was afterward rebuilt by Archbishop Hamilton, but the captives had had their last look at the towers and walls that had served them well, when they at length put to sea.

The influence of crises and emergencies like these must not be left out of consideration in following the course of the struggle which, Arran and his coadjutors flattered themselves, was now prosperously ended. The humiliation of the garrison and the demolition of the Castle had avenged the blood of "the late most reverend Father David, by the mercy of God Cardinal and Archbishop of St. Andrews, of the whole realm of Scotland primate, legate, and chancellor, administrator of the Bishopric of Merapolis in France, and Commendator Perpetual of the Abbey of Aberbrothoke."

The Church and the State had a long score to wipe out for his violent taking-off.



CHAPTER III

CAPTIVITY IN FRANCE—LIFE IN THE GALLEYS—IN SIGHT OF SCOTLAND—BALNAVES'S MS.—ESCAPE OF PRISONERS—EFFORTS FOR KNOX'S RELEASE

BAD faith in peace and in war was so much the habit of that semi-barbarous age that the ill-fated Scottish exiles should not have been astounded at the shameless violation of the contract made under the walls of the Castle of St. Andrews. Their tedious voyage ended at Rouen, where they hoped to be released upon parole, with liberty of choice as to the asylums they would seek.

Historians concur in the belief that their continued captivity was "at the solicitation of the Pope and the Scottish clergy." The nobles, lairds, and others of rank were divided into bands, and committed to the

prisons of Mont St. Michel, Cherbourg, and Brest, a few being left in Rouen.

Knox had neither wealth nor family influence to protect him from the extreme consequences of rank heresy and open sedition. Although he had been included in the "honourable terms of surrender," he was, forthwith, transferred to the galleys anchored in the Seine, and chained to the oar in company with malefactors of the vilest type.

The winter succeeding the battle-summer and autumnal voyaging was passed upon the Loire.

"Chained and half naked in the galleys, under the lash of a French slave-driver," is the epitome of the next year and a half.

"In addition to the rigours of ordinary captivity," says Dr. McCrie's excellent biography, "he was loaded with chains, and exposed to all the indignities with which Papists were accustomed to treat those whom they regarded as heretics."

From a rare old book, entitled *T. Stapleton and Martell* [two Popish heretics] *Confuted*, "by D. Fulke, Master of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge," published in London, 1580, we gather that Knox's

reputation for godliness (or for sorcery) followed him into his new sphere.

"The master whereof"—of the galley—"was glad to get rid of him because he never had good success so long as he kept that holy man in slavery; whom, also, when in danger of tempest, 'though an arrant Papist, he would desire to commend him and his galley to God in his prayers."

Knox was not alone in the Christian heroism that upbore him in the actual hardships of his situation; the hunger and thirst of homesickness; the sense of loss and wasted zeal in a dear and holy Cause, aggravated by taunts and threats of torture for non-compliance with what he and his comrades honestly believed to be idolatrous rites. The galley-bench was his pulpit, from which he exhorted his brethren in the faith to constancy and fortitude. The Mass was to him "an idol, struck from the inventive brain of Superstition, which had supplanted the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and engrossed the honour done to the person and honour of Jesus Christ." It was conscience and not caprice that led every member of the chain-gang who was a Scot to refuse to uncover when the Host was uplifted in their sight, and when

hymns were sung to Mary, the Queen of Heaven, and Mother of God.

They had cried unto their God for deliverance from their enemies, and He had cast them off and put them to shame and scattered them among the heathen. For all this they had not forgotten the name of their God, or stretched out their hands to a strange god. Their leader's courage compelled the grudging admiration of his captors ; the example of his exalted faith and sublimity of patience moved his brethren in affliction to reverence and emulation.

It is quite certain that he was the hero of an incident related of a nameless prisoner, in the *History of the Reformation in Scotland.*

An image of the Virgin painted upon a wooden panel was exhibited by the owner to the galley-slaves, and one of them was ordered to kiss it. He refused, saying that "it was an idol, and that the Scriptures forbid such an act of adoration," referring, no doubt, to the kiss which was a part of the worship of Baal and other images. An officer of the galley seized the panel and tried to press it to the prisoner's mouth. The scuffle was ended by the dauntless

Scot's wresting the board from the persecutor's hand, and throwing it overboard with the exclamation: "Let our Lady now save herself! She is light enough. Let her learn to swim!"

The daring act went unpunished. The hardihood of the misdemeanour may have been its excuse, or it suited the tormentors to treat the affair as a rough practical joke. "Thereafter," we read, "the prisoners were delivered from such troublesome importunities."

With all his doughty resistance to personal violence, and his brave cheer to those who still regarded him as their pastor and exemplar, Knox's sufferings of body and mind were excruciating, and would have driven a weaker nature to insanity or to death. Exposure, semi-starvation, and incessant toil—"*et laboris molestia extenuatum, quidem, et subactum corpus fuit,*" as an unfriendly chronicler expresses it—told with peculiar severity upon the frame of one whose life had been passed, for the most part, among books and in the lecture-room. At this time were implanted the seeds of an acute organic malady which he was to carry to the grave.

Five years afterwards he wrote of it as a cross he was never to lay down;

"My old malady troubles me sore, and nothing is more contrarious to my health than writing. Unless my pain shall cease, I will altogether become unprofitable. Daily I find my body decay, but the providence of my God shall not be frustrate."

With reverence for which I have no verbal expression I transcribe his account of what went on in the soul which those beholding his outward composure supposed to be always steadfast.

"In anguish of mind and vehement tribulation and affliction, I called to the Lord, when not only the ungodly, but even my faithful brother, yea and my own self (that is, all natural understanding) judged my cause to be irremediable. And yet in my greatest calamity, and when my pains were most cruel, would His eternal wisdom that my hands should write far contrary to the judgement of carnal reason — which His mercy hath proven true. Blessed be His holy name! . . . I know how hard the battle is between the spirit and the flesh under the heavy cross of affliction, when no worldly defence but present death does appear. I know the grudging and murmuring complaints of the flesh; I know the anger, wrath and indignation, which it conceiveth against God, calling all His promises in doubt and being ready every hour utterly to fall from God;—against which rests only faith, provoking us to

call earnestly, and pray for assistance of God's spirit, wherein if we continue, our most desperate calamities shall He turn to gladness, and to a prosperous end. To Thee, O Lord, alone be praise! For *with experience I write this, and speak.*"

The "desperate calamities" culminated in a fever, induced by the heat of the southern sun, bad food, and excessive toil. He lay at the point of death for some days, and but for an exceptionally tough constitution could not have survived under the untoward circumstances of illness in such a place. From his pallet of pain he encouraged his friends "to keep up a stout heart, and to hope confidently for a happy issue of their tribulations."

"God will deliver us to His glory and even in this life!" was his never-failing prophecy whatever might be the unhallowed "anger and indignation" within the tempted soul.

As if no acrid drop were to be withheld from the draught held to his lips, the galleys, while he lay ill, were ordered to cruise in Northern waters, and came to anchor, in the summer of 1548, off the coast of Scotland, there to watch for English vessels. When the fever-patient was able to bear

removal to the deck, he saw that the galley was moored in sight of St. Andrews, so near that he could distinguish the towers of the Cathedral, the peakèd gables of St. Leonard's College, and even the roofs of private houses.

Scotland and Home! And,—

> "The beautiful town
> That is seated by the sea!"

To the left of it, her feet washed by the dancing blue waters, her stones, unhewn by the hand of man, laid in fair colours, the Maiden Rock lifted her head to catch the winds hastening to her across a thousand leagues of the free, open ocean.

The captives drew together and gazed in an unspeakable agony of memory and longing upon the familiar scenes. James Balfour, a Scottish laird, and Knox's close friend, surprised and alarmed at his apparent impassiveness, pointed to the town:

"Do you not know what place that is?"

The deep eyes filled with light:

"I know it well! I see the steeple of the place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory, and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever I now

appear, that I shall not depart this life until my tongue shall glorify His holy name in the same place."

With the patience which the greatest of American orators defined as "that passion of noble souls," he occupied his scanty leisure, when restored to comparative health, in writing out abstracts of his lectures at St. Andrews, the debate with the learnèd doctors and friars at St. Leonard's, and a calm exposition of the causes of the change in his religious views. Of this work he said, in happier days :

> "The body lying in the most painful bonds in the midst of cruel tyrants,—His mercy and goodness provided that the hand should write and bear witness to the confession of the heart more abundantly than ever the tongue spoke."

While he was finding in the labour of love some mitigation of the rigours of his lot, his friend, Henry Balnaves of Halhill, beguiled the tedium of his confinement in a Rouen prison by composing what Knox, to whom the MS. was conveyed secretly, characterises as "A most profitable Treatise of Justification, and of the Works and Conversation of a Justified Man." The title in full



ST. ANDREWS CASTLE FROM SOUTH-EAST. "MAIDEN ROCK" IN THE FOREGROUND

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stood thus: *Confession of Faith, containing how the Troubled Man should seek refuge at his God: Compiled by Mr. Henry Balnaves of Halhill, and one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, being a prisoner within the old Palace of Rouen, in the year 1548.*

Knox divided the treatise into chapters, indexed the contents, and made marginal annotations suggested by the perusal. Having done this he commended the little volume *To the Faithful,* in a dedication after the example of "Paul, a prisoner":

"John Knox, the bound servant of Jesus Christ, unto his best-belovèd brethren of the Castle of St. Andrews, and to all professors of Christ's true Evangel, desireth grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, with perpetual consolations of the Holy Spirit."

In this address he represents, as one part of Satan's designs in respect to the scattered church of St. Andrews—

"to stop the wholesome wind of Christ's Evangel . . . and so to oppress ourselves by corporal affliction and worldly calamities that no place should we find for godly study. . . . How our merciful Father among these tempestuous storms, beyond all men's expectation, hath

provided some rest for us, this present work shall testify, which was sent to me in Rouen, lying in irons and so troubled by corporal infirmity in a galley, named *Notre Dame*,—by an honourable brother, Mr. Henry Balnaves of Halhill, for the present holden as prisoner (though unjustly) in the old Palace of Rouen."

We commend, as superb examples of the superiority of the heroic spirit to opposing circumstance, Walter Raleigh, writing his *History of the World* in the Tower of London, while awaiting his trial for high treason, and Madame Ronald, working with diligent haste upon her *Memoirs*, lest the summons to the guillotine might abridge them. The hero-worshipper has a nobler theme in Balnaves's abstraction of thought from the ever-present rigours of a lingering captivity, to indite metaphysical and religious meditations upon Justification by Faith, and in John Knox, forgetful of his chain in the enjoyment of the MS. smuggled on board the prison-ship for his friendly criticism.

By the same system of clandestine correspondence that kept Balnaves and Knox in touch with one another, the gentlemen in Mont St. Michel contrived to consult their chief counsellor as to what they considered

a well-concerted scheme for breaking jail. Their apprehension was lest those whom they left behind in other prisons should fare the worse for their escape. Knox's answer is worthy of notice, as displaying an unselfish desire for his friends' liberation, and a Christian's reverence for human life. They were not, he said, to let fears for his safety and that of his companions balk their intention. If they could get away safely and in peace, let them go in God's name. If they must kill warder or sentinel, let them abide where they were. "To shed any man's blood for their freedom he would not consent."

The plot was executed successfully, the prisoners gaining their liberty and reaching places of safety, "without harm done to the person of any, and without touching that which appertained to the King, the captain, or the house."

It is supposed by some that Knox's own release in 1549 was, in some measure, due to the indefatigable labours of these escaped captives with those who had influence in the French Government. There are hints of a ransom raised in Scotland by his friends, and forwarded to France. Dr. McCrie says:

"It is most probable that he owed his deliverance to the comparative indifference with which he and his brethren were now regarded by the French Court, who, having procured the consent of the Parliament of Scotland to the marriage of Queen Mary to the dauphin, and obtained possession of her person, felt no longer any inclination to avenge the quarrels of the Scottish clergy."

Mary Stuart was in her sixth year when this first knot was made in the cord of destiny that was to bind up her fate with that of the "simple-born" Non-conformist, the son of Bothwell's vassal. At the date of her embarkation for France, he was an underfed, half-clad galley-slave in the kingdom in which she was, one day, to be Queen-Consort.

Had Knox forgotten the coincidence,—if indeed he had ever regarded it as significant,—or did the thought tinge with sadness what sounds to us like savagery, when he wrote, long years thereafter?—

"Thus was she sold to France to the end she should drink of that liquor that should remain with her all her lifetime for a plague to this realm, and for her final destruction."

The Lairds of Langniddrie and Ormiston must have been of those who escaped from Mont St. Michel, and who took active part

in attempting Knox's liberation, for we hear of them in Scotland about the time of his release. They were in correspondence with the English Court as advocates of the alliance of their infant Sovereign with the heir to the throne of England (afterward Edward VI.). Both were violently opposed to the French marriage, as was but natural in men who had suffered the loss of all for the Protestant religion.

Miss Strickland remarks, sneeringly:

> "If Knox, who was the private tutor of the Laird of Langniddrie's two sons, allowed his notions of Mary Stuart to be swayed by his patron's political affections, we are not to wonder at the tone in which he mentions his Sovereign while she was yet an infant."

Nineteen months in the galleys of the French King was not a school where a loyal Scot was likely to learn respect for the Government to which his infant Sovereign was sold, or attachment to the Church in which she was to be brought up.





CHAPTER IV

FREE AND IN HARNESS—CHAPLAINCY AT BERWICK—TRIAL BEFORE THE COUNCIL—KATHARINE PARR AND LADY JANE GREY—"SPARE NO ARROWS"—REVISION OF RUBRIC

DIVERS inducements to visit England had been held out to John Knox in the five years that elapsed between his identification of himself with the Reformers and the fall of the Castle of St. Andrews. Like other clear-eyed thinkers of the period, he had never been elated by false expectations as to the stability of what was branded by outspoken Scottish Protestants as "a bastard Reformation."

Knox said of it that, "though the Pope's name was suppressed, his laws and corruptions remained in full vigour."

The religious "situation" in so-called

Protestant England is outlined by a few strong sentences by a modern writer:

"Henry VIII. invested himself with the ecclesiastical supremacy within his own dominions which he had wrested from the Bishop of Rome, and in the arrogant and violent exercise of that power, the English Pope was scarcely exceeded by any of the pretended successors of St. Peter. Having signalised himself at a former period as a literary champion against Luther, he was anxious to demonstrate that his breach with the Court of Rome had not alienated him from the Catholic faith. . . . Hence the motley system of religion which he established, and the contradictory measures by which it was supported. Statutes against the authority of the Pope and against the tenets of Luther were enacted in the same Parliament, and Papists and Protestants were alternately brought to the same stake."

Knox, with his rugged honesty of purpose and stubborn consistency of faith and practice, was never deceived by, still less was he attracted toward, the profligate truce-breaker and wife-killer. He was not fitted by nature or education for the rôle of courtier, and the sight of the burning of his uncompromising brethren afar off was enough to dissuade him from walking into the thick of the danger.

All these things were changed when he stood upright once more, a free man.

Henry had gone miserably to his account, and the guardians of the young King were interested in the spread of the Reformed Faith. John Rough, Knox's former colleague, had an English parish, and Cranmer was inviting distinguished German Protestants to professorships in Oxford and Cambridge. A chaplaincy was quickly found for Knox in the garrison of Berwick. Here his sermons and private ministrations among the soldiery earned for him, in a few months, a reputation equal to that he had had in Scotland.

He was almost as soon to make a practical test of the superficial character of the vaunted Reformation in the country he would fain have adopted as his own. The expression of this desire comes from his own pen:

"Sometime I have thought it impossible it had been so to have removed my affection from the realm of Scotland that any realm or nation could have been equally dear to me. But God I take to record in my conscience, that the troubles present in the realm of England are doubly more dolorous unto my heart than were ever the troubles of Scotland."

This dejection may have arisen from the less sanguine temperament of a man older

and more infirm of health than before his experience of galley life. Perhaps he was confounded because he had hoped great things from the reign of a sickly boy, whose spiritual training had been prayerfully superintended by his stepmother, Katharine Parr, the first Protestant Queen-Consort of England.

With his usual skill in striking straight at the root of an evil, and dragging it into the light, Dr. McCrie shows why all the promising changes wrought in Edward's brief reign were but scraping the surface of soil that harboured noxious seeds and unconquered elements:

"When Henry suppressed the monasteries and seized their revenues, he allotted pensions to the monks during life, but, to relieve the royal treasury of this burden, small benefices in the gift of the Crown were afterwards substituted in the place of pensions. The example of the monarch was imitated by the nobles who had procured monastic lands. By this means a great part of the inferior livings were held by ignorant and superstitious monks, who were a dead weight upon the English Church and a principal cause of the nation's sudden relapse to Popery at the subsequent accession of Queen Mary."

Legislation may reform the outer life. It never recasts principles. Knox's discovery of the corruption and dead men's bones of

old superstitions hidden by the whited walls of the new State religion lent fire to the zeal with which he taught and preached the living Gospel of the Kingdom which is within the soul, and not dependent upon outward symbols or ordinances of man's devising. In less than a year after his appointment to the Berwick chaplaincy, he had incurred the censure of the Bishop of the diocese, whose success in retaining his office throughout the religious convulsions of three reigns redounds more to the credit of his diplomatic talents than to the sincerity of his convictions. The truth that, under the cloak of conformity, this dignitary had remained at heart loyal to the Papal See, and a firm believer in the most objectionable dogmas of the Church disestablished by his late royal master, made Knox's blunt denunciations of See and faith particularly odious. The ground of the indictment served upon the Scottish preacher to appear at Newcastle before the King's Council of the North,—the Bishop of Durham and other church magnates being present — was Knox's open expression of sentiments summed up before the Council in his favourite form of a syllogism:

"All worshipping, honouring, or service invented by the brain of man in the Religion of God, without His express commandment, is IDOLATRY.

"The Mass is invented by the brain of man without any commandment of God. Therefore it is Idolatry.

"All honouring or service of God, whereunto is added a wicked opinion, is abomination.

"Unto the Mass is added a wicked opinion. Therefore it is abomination."

"Of two things he was fiercely intolerant," comments a biographer—"of the Mass and of Vice. His objection to the Mass was twofold. He held that it was, in the first place, unscriptural and idolatrous in itself, and, in the second place, an incentive to vice."

As sternly as he had rebuked the licentious soldiery of St. Andrews and of Berwick, he condemned the practice of learned prelate and ignorant parish priest in keeping up, in a so-called Protestant realm, "high places," which, he believed, a God jealous for the honour of His own Name commanded His ministers to cast down.

It is interesting to remark how much wiser the Scottish ex-priest was than all his teachers of the Reformation. Luther denounced Transubstantiation, and offered, in its stead, Consubstantiation, a mystical

placebo to the conscience of the half-enlightened convert to the new faith—"a substantial, though mysterious union of the Body and Blood of Our Lord with the bread and wine of the Sacrament after consecration."

Knox had no skill in hair-splitting, no sympathy with spiritual abstractions. All the Real Presence of which he had any knowledge was the feeding of the devout soul by faith upon the precious truth typified by the visible bread and wine—that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners by His One and Sufficient Sacrifice upon the Cross.

More than a decade afterward, the framers of the Heidelberg Catechism distilled his creed into one of the simplest and sublimest of uninspired utterances :

"What is thy only comfort in life and death?

"That I, with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong to my faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ, Who with His precious blood has fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the Devil."

The history of the earlier months of the reign of Edward VI. furnishes ample proof

that this noble simplicity of belief, growing into an abiding trust in the One Mediator between God and man, was attained by many English Christians. I have referred to the circumstance—too commonly overlooked—that Katharine Parr was a Protestant in heart and in name. An anecdote related of Lady Jane Grey—her especial protégée, her devoted attendant in life, and the chief mourner at the Queen's funeral—comes in aptly here.

Seeing a fellow lady-in-waiting bend the knee in passing the high altar, Lady Jane asked why she did it.

"Because the Eucharist—the body of Christ—is there," was the answer. "I kneel to my Maker."

"I had thought the baker made the wafer," said the other—a girlish retort that was reckoned up against her in the reign of her kinswoman, Mary Tudor.

There is less relevance in recalling, in this connection, that this same Mary Tudor, as Katharine Parr's stepdaughter and pupil, translated, at the Queen's request, the Gospel of St. John from Latin into English, and that this book was the best-beloved study of John Knox to the end of

his days. The facts, thus confronted, are curious, to say nothing more.

The attitude of the lover of the gentle Apostle before the Newcastle Council was that of an athlete, stripped for the contest, and bounding into the arena with a cry of defiance. He was wont to quote, as his commission to do battle with a corrupted Church and wickedness in high places, the admonition to Jeremiah :

"Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about. All ye that bend the bow shoot at her, *spare no arrows;* for she hath sinned against the Lord."

Two or three paragraphs from his famous defence will give an idea of what material were these unsparing arrows, and with what tipped:

"Jesus Christ sayeth, 'I will lay upon you none other burdens than I have already;' and 'that which ye have, observe diligently.' O God Eternal! hast Thou laid none other burdens upon our backs than Jesus Christ laid by His word? Then, who hath burdened us with all these ceremonies? prescribed fasting, compelled chastity [*i.e.*, celibacy] unlawful vows, invocation of saints, and with the idolatry of the Mass? The devil, the devil, brethren! invented all these burdens to depress imprudent men to perdition."

Going on to speak further of the Canon of the Mass, he says:

"I will prove that therein is indigest, barbarous, foolish congestion of words, imperfection of sentences, ungodly invocations and diabolical conjurations. And this is that Holy Canon whose authority precedeth all scriptures! O, it was so holy it might not be spoken plainly like the rest, but secretly it behooved it to be whispered. That was not evil-devised, for if all men had heard it, some would have espied the vanity thereof. They say, "*Hoc est enim corpus meum.*" I pray them show where find they *enim?* O, here make they a great matter, and here lieth a secret mystery and hid operation. . . . But, O Papists! is God a juggler? Useth He a certain number of words in performing His intent?"

The Council, after patient hearing of both sides of the important question, dismissed the charges against Knox, and the fame of his learning and eloquence went abroad through the kingdom.

The next year—1551—he was appointed one of the Royal Chaplains, and, in this capacity, had a part in the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. The phrase in the English Rubric, testifying that although the posture of kneeling was retained to signify our humble and grateful acknowledgment of the benefits of Christ, and

to prevent profanation and disorder, yet "no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either to the sacramental bread and wine there bodily received, or unto any corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood; for the bread and wine retained their natural substances, and Christ's natural body was in Heaven, and could not be in more places than one at the same time"—was due to Knox's earnest representations of the danger of the attitude of worship to the unlearned communicant.

He alludes with great satisfaction to his success in accomplishing thus much toward restoring the church-service to the purity of Apostolic times—a work that then engaged the thoughts of such men as Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley in England, and the wisest of Continental Reformers. In their opinion, "the service of God should be most simple, stripped of all that show, pomp, and appearance that had been customarily used before, esteeming all that to be no better than superstitious and anti-Christian."

The more prudent of the advanced thinkers cautioned their brethren to make haste slowly, and not to provoke a counter-revo-

lution by laying the axe too rashly at the root of every tree. At least two devout and eminent Reformers took the tone used by the Presbytery of Jerusalem in the letter sent, A.D. 52, by Paul, Barnabas, and Silas to the Gentile converts in Antioch, Syria, and Cilicia. It seemed good, for example, to men like Grindel and Horn, "to suffer certain practices of which they did not approve,—to wit, kneeling in the Eucharist, and signing with the Cross in baptism, with some other ceremonies." Time and enlightened opinion, that had brought so many and wondrous changes to pass, would, they argued, correct these things if the believer would await patiently the progress of events.

Knox held different views and expressed them, let who would object :

> "Also, God gave boldness and knowledge to the Court of Parliament to take away the round, chipped god [the wafer] wherein standeth all the holiness of the Papists, and to command common bread to be used at the Lord's Table, and, also, to take away the most part of superstitions (kneeling at the Lord's Table excepted) which before profaned Christ's religion."

The skies cleared steadily above our Reformer for two years. Approved of the

King and the Council, beloved and sought after by the common people he most desired to reach and uplift, he was indefatigable in the public and private functions of his ministry, preaching six days in the week, and receiving in his study the catechumens who flocked to him for instruction and confirmation.

In this, the golden age of his professional life, we catch for the first time the gentle murmur of home voices and home loves. His brother William, in after-years a preacher of the Gospel, visited him, and the two took sweet counsel together before William's return to Scotland.

"My brother hath communicated his whole heart to me," wrote Knox to a friend in 1553, "and I perceive the mighty operation of God. And so let us be established in His infinite goodness and most sure promises."

In reciprocating William's whole-hearted confidence, the popular preacher, who had just declined a bishopric,—"declaring the Episcopal order to be destitute of divine authority in itself, and its exercise in the English Church to be inconsistent with the ecclesiastical canons," — had that to tell

which must have surprised the younger and less noted brother. This was nothing less important than the announcement of John's betrothal, and the recital of the vicissitudes of a courtship that had more than the usual variety of sunlight and cloud that appertains to the conventional love-affair.



CHAPTER V

MRS. BOWES — BETROTHAL — SUMMONS TO APPEAR BEFORE THE COUNCIL—A SPIRITUAL INVALID—KNOX'S PATIENCE AND TACT—SERMON BEFORE THE KING

CAPTAIN RICHARD BOWES, the youngest son of Sir Ralph Bowes of Streatham, was in command of "Norham's castled steep" on the River Tweed when John Knox was appointed chaplain of the garrison of Berwick, but six miles away.

The worthy Captain, who proved in the reign of Mary Tudor to be of a most compliant disposition with respect to religious tenets, was a firm believer in patriarchal rule in the conduct of his own household. This faith was likewise held as pertinaciously by his wife—but with a difference. Mrs. Bowes, *née* Elizabeth Ashe, had brought him at their marriage a large for-

tune, and further enriched him in the next twenty years by presenting him with, some say, fifteen, others, twelve children. The printed pedigree of the Boweses of Streatham mentions but the dozen, two sons and ten daughters. Three had probably died in infancy.

Marjorie Joan stood fifth in the long row of olive plants. In the official pedigree she is recorded as having married "*Mr. Knoxes, a Devine in Scotland.*" A marginal note appends "*Knox, the famouse Reformer.*"

The details of the introduction of the pair, the early stages of their acquaintanceship, and the causes of mutual attraction are lost to posterity. We note from the first, however, and throughout the meagre history of their betrothal, the prominent position assumed and maintained by Mrs. Elizabeth Bowes, Captain Richard's prolific consort and the strenuously (self-) predestined mother-in-law of the mature suitor.

As with all great religious movements, the Reformation met with instant and zealous sympathisers in the women of every country to which it extended. Mrs. Bowes had an immense family and a large house-

hold to look after, yet her turn of mind was introspective to the verge of morbidness. From the beginning of her friendship with Knox to the close of her life, she kept a hospital diary of her spiritual experiences, and it was a running record of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. Her spiritual director's efforts to subdue the inflammation, after he found that he could not cure the humour in her blood, drew heavily upon his time and nervous forces at a period when his personal trials and the lowering aspect of the times demanded the full measure of his strength. Nothing in Knox's private life moves us to more sincere reverence for the deep-hearted man than his behaviour toward his mother-in-law.

"I had made faithful promise, before witness, to Marjorie Bowes, her daughter. So, as she took me for her son, I heartily embraced her as my mother," is a note left upon the margin of a letter in which he addresses her as "Mother," almost three years before he had legal warrant to use the appellation.

This sounds as if he loved the much-daughtered matron for Marjorie's sake, at

least for a season. He may have been won to warmer filial regard by Mrs. Bowes's earnest advocacy of his suit, in the teeth of her husband's opposition.

Toward the close of a betrothal approved by one parent and disallowed by the other, he had repeated proofs that his boldness of speech relative to the King's supremacy in the English Church had made formidable enemies for himself. He had incensed the Man of the Hour, the Duke of Northumberland, by reproving, in private and in public, the immoralities of the nobles, and declaring vice to be even more odious in them than in the unlettered soldiers, who had been taught no better way of living. In consequence of a warning conveyed by Northumberland to the King's Council that there was danger of Knox being made the leader in England of a Scottish party adverse to the Government, the preacher was cited to appear in London to confirm or refute the accusation. The order was peremptory, and bore the date of November 23, 1552.

In the hurried note written to his betrothed upon receipt of the summons there is a curious admixture of pastoral solicitude

for the health of Marjorie's soul and tenderness which the reverend lover cannot quite restrain. We peruse this, as we read other letters to the same correspondent (whom he frequently addresses as "Sister"), with a lurking suspicion that the writer never lost consciousness of the maternal inspection under which each page was to pass. Sometimes he writes to both on one and the same sheet, and even when Marjorie is directly addressed he sends messages to her mother. In an undated letter belonging to this weariful period Knox says: "The Spirit of God shall instruct your heart what is most comfortable to the troubled conscience of your mother."

"I think this be the first letter that I ever wrote to you," he remarks, confirmatory of our surmise that others he had sent were the common property of her mother and herself. And one half of this is taken up with prescriptions for Madam Elizabeth's festering conscience, a healing office which nobody grudges to the meek daughter and dutiful son-in-law expectant.

Thus runs part of the letter to Marjorie announcing the ominous summons to stand before princes and councillors:

"Urgent necessity will not suffer that I testify my mind unto you. My Lord of Westmoreland has written unto me this Wednesday, at six of the clock at night, immediately to repair unto him, as I will answer at my peril. I could not obtain licence to remain the time of the sermon upon the morrow.

"Blessed be God, who does ratify and confirm the truth of His word, from time to time, as our weakness shall require. Your adversary, sister, doth labour that you should doubt whether this be the Word of God, or not. If there had never been testimonial of the undoubted truth thereof before these our ages, may not such things as we see daily come to pass prove the verity thereof? Doth it not affirm that it shall be preached and yet contemned and lightly regarded by many? that the true professors thereof shall be hated by father, mother, and others of the contrary religion? that the most faithful shall be persecuted? And cometh not all these things to pass in ourselves?

"Rejoice, sister, for the same word that forespeaketh trouble doth certify us of the glory consequent. As for myself, albeit the extremity should now apprehend me, it is not come unlooked-for. But alas! I fear that yet I be not ripe nor able to glorify Christ by my death, but what lacketh now, God shall perform in His own time.

"*Be sure I will not forget you and your company* [*i. e.*, companionship] *so long as mortal man may remember any earthly creature.*"

There is pathos, near akin to heart-break, in the sentence I have italicised. He could not trust himself to say more. Too much that involved Marjorie's happiness and his

depended upon his playing the man of iron in the approaching ordeal.

Contrary to his fears, the Council hearkened as patiently to his defence as to the allegations of his titled accusers, and having weighed the evidence, acquitted him honourably. Moreover, he was appointed to preach before the King, who took a strong fancy to him and again pressed upon him, still vainly, the ecclesiastical preferment he had declined. Knox returned to the neighbourhood of Berwick for a short time previous to entering upon an extensive itinerary marked out by the Council, taking in London and the counties and towns lying about and south of the metropolis.

The visit to the North was prolonged by a return of the chronic malady caused by his galley life. Whether or no Marjorie Bowes were allowed by her father and Berwick proprieties to minister to his infirmities we have no means of knowing. We have a glimpse of her mother's moods and actions during Knox's siege of illness, that enhances our respect for his gentle tolerance of her incessant demands, and excites surprise that one who was, with all her whimsies, an excellent woman and true

friend should suffer her spiritual malease to dominate the impulse of common humanity, in her treatment of a suffering fellow-creature. Mrs. Bowes had written to her pastor of her intention to call upon him, as she was in urgent need of ghostly counsel. In her selfish absorption she had forgotten something of which he affectionately reminds her :

"That day, ye know to be the day of my study and prayer unto God. Yet if your trouble be intolerable, or, if ye think my presence may release your pain, do as the Spirit shall move you, for you know that I will be offended with nothing that you do in God's name

"Your messenger found me in bed, after sore trouble and most dolorous night, and so dolour may complain to dolour when we two meet. . . . But, dear sister, I am even of mind with faithful Job, yet most sore tormented, that my pain shall have no end in this life. The power of God may, against the purpose of my heart, alter such things as appear not to be altered, as He did unto Job, but dolour and pain, with sore anguish, cries the contrary. And this is more plain than ever I spake to let you know ye have a fellow and companion in trouble."

He was so far convalescent as to be able to go to London and enter upon his round of duties there, as he had planned, soon after Easter of that year (1553). A letter from Mrs. Bowes, enclosing one from Mar-

jorie,—who, we may hope, was of a different temperament from her epistolary mother,—had a new temptation to confide to her spiritual adviser. We may regret this for his sake, but congratulate ourselves upon the privilege of reading the tactful and tender turn he gives to her trouble. I have not the heart to spoil the story by putting it into a modern form :

"The very instant your letter was presented unto me, was I talking of you, by reason that three honest poor women were come to me, and were complaining [of] their great infirmity, and were showing unto me the great assaults of the enemy, and I was opening the causes and commodities thereof, whereby all our eyes wept at once, and I was praying unto God that ye and some others had been there with me for the space of two hours. And even at that instant came your letters to my hands ; whereof one part I read unto them, and one of them said,—"O, would to God I might speak with that person, for I perceive that there be more tempted than I."

With all his Scotch shrewdness, single-hearted John was slow in detecting what is palpable to the cool-headed reader of such of Mrs. Bowes's letters as were preserved by him for others' edification—or entertainment. His patient gloried in her temptations as truly as St. Paul in his in-

firmities, but with a mighty difference in the quality of that exultation. Mrs. Pullet in George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss* was not more vain of her reputation as the parish valetudinarian than Elizabeth Bowes of being a specimen case of spiritual invalidism. Her hand was continually upon her own pulse, and it was a luxury to report its variations to him to whom she had committed the charge of her soul's well-being.

Innes's analytical powers are fine, and he offers an explanation of what seems overstrained, if not affected, to our practical generation of thinkers:

> "In that age which broke through the crust of mere authority to seek some 'foundation of belief,' there must have been many of both sexes in this state of mind, though each doubter might think that 'no creature' shared it. The new doctrine of individual faith and individual responsibility was one for women as well as for men, and they had a special hold on the sympathy of their teachers when central doubts attacked them."

To this simple and ingenious hypothesis the writer might have added that women found peculiar fascination in the examination of their "foundations of belief." There was a sort of tremulous joy in the

knowledge that their souls were no longer in the keeping of a priestly confessor, but had been rendered back to each individual owner, for weal or for woe, priceless treasures for which each was to give account in the day of death and at the judgment. The sense of dear yet dread responsibility attendant upon this trust, as expressed by a hymn-maker some centuries later, was ever present with them :

> " A charge to keep I have,
> A God to glorify,
> A neverdying soul to save
> And fit it for the sky."

It was altogether natural that unrest, inability to assimilate, all at once, new and tremendous truths, and to change mental and spiritual habits acquired through many years of dependence upon the *dicta* of the Church they had left, should be interpreted by sincere seekers after the truth as direct temptations of the devil. " Your adversary," " my adversary," " the adversary," are Knox's familiar titles for the arch-enemy of mankind. The nature of the divers direct and personal temptations endured by him and his followers, and ac-

credited by them to their puissant foe, may be gathered from passages drawn at random from his letters to his morbid mother-in-law:

"He would persuade you that God's word is of no effect, but that it is a vain tale invented by man, and so all that is spoken of Jesus, the Son of God, is but a vain fable."

And again: "Ye complain of past guilt and present sin by reason of which ye feel as if remission of sins in Christ Jesus pertains nothing to you."

With the chill and shadow of the coming storm creeping toward him and weighing down his prescient spirit, he abated nothing in the delicacy and affection of his dealings with this afflicted soul. Racked by bodily pain, and seeing in the steady decline of the boy-sovereign's health the sure presage of the bloody era that was to succeed his death ; insulted by the man whose daughter he sought in marriage ; watched, misrepresented, and calumniated by the greedy horde that awaited the King's death as the signal to throw off the mask of hypocrisy, and to unsheath the sword against their Shepherd and against the man who was their fellow ; his great brain teem-

ing with schemes of enlightened statecraft which he was, in happier days, to put into execution ;—this man whom we are wont to call steel in will, and granite in implacableness, makes himself one with the whining woman whose many letters he must have dreaded to open, sure though he was that they brought him news of his best-belovèd.

The tender sympathy and graceful wording of the following extract are the best illustration I can offer of the way in which he showed himself to be a true son of consolation :

"Since the first day that it pleased the providence of God to bring you and me into familiarity, I have always delighted in your company ; and when labour would permit, you know that I have not spared hours to talk and to commune with you, the fruit whereof I did not then fully understand nor perceive. But now absent, and so absent, that by corporal presence neither of us can receive comfort of other, I call to mind how, that ofttimes, when with dolorous hearts, we have begun our talking, God hath sent great comfort unto both, which for my own part I commonly want.

"The exposition of your troubles, and acknowledging of your infirmity were first unto me a very mirror and glass wherein I beheld myself so rightly painted forth that nothing could be more evident to my eyes. And then the searching of the Scriptures for God's sweet

promises, and for His mercies freely given unto miserable offenders (for His nature delighteth to show mercy where most misery reigneth)—the collection and applying of God's mercies, I say, were unto me as the breaking and handling with my own hands, of the most sweet and delectable unguents, whereof I could not but receive some comfort by their natural sweet odours."

In bold contrast to this sweet and gracious acknowledgment of the benefits that had come to him directly and incidentally from association with his motherly friend, we set the account of the last sermon he was ever to preach before him whom Knox was too conscientious to accept as his ecclesiastical patron. Of the dying lad Knox records that he was "of so godly disposition towards virtue and the truth of God that none from the beginning passed him, and (to my knowledge) none of his years did ever match him in that behalf, if he might have been lord of his own will."

The real lords of Edward's will, the Duke of Northumberland, Head of the Council, and the Marquis of Winchester, the Lord High Treasurer, were in the audience during the delivery of Knox's sermon based upon the words—"*He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up the heel against me.*"

In order to gauge the intrepidity of the preacher, we have only to state, upon Knox's own authority, that the impending dissolution of the King had made his unworthy counsellors shameless in their contemptuous treatment of his faithful chaplains.

The whole Council had said, "They would hear no more of their sermons; they were but indifferent fellows, yea, and some of them shamed not to call them 'prating knaves.'".

"It has been often seen," he said, in the course of this memorable sermon, "that the most excellent and godly princes were surrounded with false and ungodly officers and counsellors." Having inquired into the reasons of this, and illustrated the fact from the Scripture examples of Ahithophel under King David, Shebna under Hezekiah, and Judas under Jesus Christ, he added: "What wonder is it then, that a young and innocent king be deceived by crafty, covetous and ungodly counsellors? I am greatly afraid that Ahithophel be counsellor, that Judas bear the purse, and that Shebna be scribe, comptroller and treasurer."

This discourse, with the unmistakably

pointed "application," was preached before the King in the month of June, 1553. On the sixth of July of the same year, Edward VI. of England died of consumption, in the sixteenth year of his age.



CHAPTER VI

DEATH OF EDWARD VI.—ACCESSION OF MARY TUDOR—KNOX'S MARRIAGE—BEGINNING OF PERSECUTIONS — EXILE — JOHN CALVIN—RECALL TO SCOTLAND

IN accordance with the last will and testament of the well-meaning but ill-advised young monarch, Lady Jane Grey, the favourite maid-of-honour of Edward's Protestant stepmother, Katharine Parr, and daughter-in-law to the Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queen after the King's decease.

Nine days thereafter, Mary Tudor, lawful sovereign by virtue of direct descent, was firmly seated upon the throne, and, as Knox writes, "fires of joy and riotous banquetting were made in London" and throughout the realm.

A month went by without any symptom

of persecution for conscience' sake. Indeed, the new Queen openly proclaimed that she would meddle with no man's religion, and the Reformed clergy took heart, going on peacefully and hopefully with parish and evangelistic work. Knox returned to London after a brief sojourn in Berwick, and resumed his labours in the wide circuit assigned to him by the King and the Council. During these tranquil weeks he composed, and used wherever he preached, the prayer which effectually disposes of the story that he opposed Queen Mary from the day of her coronation, and did his utmost to incite her Protestant subjects to overt rebellion.

The whole prayer is too long to be inserted here. It is an humble confession of individual and national sins that might as well be read in a New York pulpit to-day as in London or Berwick in August, 1553. It concludes with this petition:

"Place above us, O Lord, for Thy great mercy's sake, such a head, with such rulers and magistrates, as feareth Thy name and willeth the glory of Christ Jesus to spread. Take not from us the light of Thy Evangel, and suffer Thou no Papistry to prevail in this realm. Illuminate the heart of our Sovereign Lady, Queen Mary, with

pregnant gifts of Thy Holy Ghost. And inflame the hearts of her council with Thy true fear and love. Repress Thou the pride of those that would rebel. And remove from all hearts the contempt of the Word. Let not our enemies rejoice at our destruction, but look Thou to the honour of Thy own name, O Lord, and let Thy gospel be preached with boldness in this realm. If Thy justice must punish, then punish our bodies with the rod of Thy mercy. But, O Lord, let us never revolt nor turn back to idolatry again. Mitigate the hearts of those that persecute us, and let us not faint under the cross of Our Saviour, but assist us with the Holy Ghost, even to the end."

The black cloud he had seen for months upon the horizon gathered and burst before autumn chilled into winter. Every law favouring the Protestant religion was revoked, the Roman Catholic Church was re-established throughout Great Britain, and Non-conformity would be a penal offence after December 20, 1553.

Domestic anxieties likewise pressed heavily upon the heart of the deposed chaplain. He was now forty-eight years of age, and his betrothal to Marjorie Bowes had lasted for three years. Seeing that it was useless to wait longer for her father's consent, the faithful lovers were married with the full sanction of the bride's mother.

Captain Bowes's opposition to the union was strengthened by his resolution to return to the bosom of the Romish Church, and, if possible, to coerce his wife and children into doing the same.

Knox was Marjorie's husband when he wrote to Mrs. Bowes from London in September of "the process between your husband and you touching my matter with your daughter":

> "I praise God heartily, both for your boldness and constancy. But I beseech you, mother, trouble not yourself too much therewith. It becomes me now to jeopard my life for the comfort and deliverance of my own flesh [*i. e.*, his wife], as that I will do, by God's grace, both fear and friendship of all earthly creatures laid aside."

He adds in conclusion, "If I escape sickness and imprisonment you may be sure to see me soon."

His position was one of great and growing danger. His salary as chaplain had not been paid for some months before the King's death, and under the new *régime* was discontinued entirely. If there had been anything for him to do in England he would have wished to remain there, return to Scotland being out of the ques-

tion. His father-in-law would neither bestir himself to obtain employment for the unwelcome interloper, nor forgive the long-delayed marriage. In this dilemma, Mrs. Bowes, whose talent for doing the wrong thing in the very nick of the wrong time approximated genius, teased Knox into calling upon the head of the family, her brother-in-law, Sir Robert Bowes, of Streatham, and asking him to use his influence in bringing his brother to see reason.

Sir Robert Bowes had commanded one wing of the English army that tried, unsuccessfully, to reinforce the garrison of Haddington, in 1548, when it was besieged by the Scottish troops, under Lord Home, and the French, under M. Essé. He was a brave soldier, but, as Knox was to discover to his cost, of a choleric temper.

The reader will forgive the introduction in full of the letter embodying the report of the unpropitious interview, since it reveals something of what the obnoxious newcomer into the Bowes connexion had to bear at this time, and in what spirit it was borne:

"DEAR MOTHER:

"So may and will I call you, not only for the tender affection I bear unto you in Christ, but also for the motherly kindness ye have shown unto me at all times since our first acquaintance;—albeit such things as I have desired (if it had pleased God), and ye and others have long desired, are never like to come to pass, yet shall ye be sure that my love and care toward you shall never abate, so long as I can care for any living creature.

"Ye shall understand that, this 6th of November, I spake with Sir Robert Bowes on the matter ye know, according to your request, whose disdainful, yea, despiteful words have so pierced my heart that my life is bitter unto me. I bear a good countenance with a sore, troubled heart, while he that ought to consider matters with a deep judgment, is become, not only a despiser, but also a taunter of God's messengers. God be merciful unto him!

"Among other, his most unpleasing words, while that I was about to have declared my part in the whole matter, he said—'Away with your rhetorical reasons! for I will not be persuaded with them.' God knows I did use no rhetoric, or coloured speech, but would have spoken the truth, and that in most simple manner. I am not a good orator in my own cause. But what he would not be content to hear of me, God shall declare to him one day to his displeasure, unless he repent. It is supposed that all the matter comes by you and me. [That is, that the match which had irked father and uncle was made up by Mrs. Bowes and Knox.]

"I pray God that your conscience were quiet and at peace, and I regard not what country consume this, my wicked carcass. And were it not that no man's unthankfulness shall move me (God supporting my in-

firmity) to cease to do profit unto Christ's congregation, those days should be few that England would give me bread. And I fear that, when all is done, I shall be driven to that end; for I cannot abide the disdainful hatred of those of whom, not only I thought I might have craved kindness, but also to whom God hath been by me more liberal than they be thankful. But so must men declare themselves. Affliction does trouble me at this present, yet I doubt not to overcome by Him Who will not leave comfortless His afflicted to the end,—Whose omnipotent Spirit rest with you. Amen!"

Born, though he was, of "simple" folk, Knox's pride matched that of the Baronet and his kindred. It is plain, from the reference to the liberality that God had shown to them by him, that the proscribed preacher had not always been in such evil odour as now. The sad bitterness of "But so must men declare themselves" is a comment upon the general falling away from "suspects," which was already separating chief friends of contrary religious views throughout the length and breadth of the unhappy kingdom.

Knox's health suffered severely from domestic perplexities and public persecutions. Early in December, he wrote again to Mrs. Bowes:

"It will be after the twelfth day before I can be at Berwick, *and almost I am determined not to come at all.* God be more merciful unto some than they are equitable unto me in judgment! The testimony of my conscience absolves me before His face Who looks not upon the presence of man."

The fateful twentieth of December found him preaching in defiance of the edict that had scattered many of his brethren in the ministry to the four quarters of the civilised globe. Among the self-exiled for conscience' sake was his old colleague in St. Andrews, John Rough, who fled to Friesland and there supported his family by knitting stockings, until, venturing to visit England to make some business arrangements, he was tempted to preach to a shepherdless flock, was apprehended, and suffered martyrdom in 1557.

On the twenty-third of December, Knox wrote hastily to a correspondent (none other than the inveterate mother-in-law) that he could not "answer her places of Scripture," nor yet write the exposition of the Sixth Psalm for which she had asked —"For every day of this week must I preach, if this wicked carcass will permit."

The warrior spirit was in arms and

girded passionately against the disease that hampered it. Such flagrant recusancy as his could not have escaped punishment had the offender been as obscure as Knox was eminent. His letters to wife and mother-in-law were seized and confiscated for official examination, and upon his homeward journey he was intercepted by friends who persuaded him to retire to the coast to await further developments, which, they were assured, would imperil his life.

From this retreat he acquainted his wife and her mother with what had befallen him:

"My brethren have, partly by admonition, partly by tears, compelled me to obey. Never could I die in a more honest quarrel. Nevertheless, I have promised to obey the voices of my brethren, and give place to the fury and rage of Satan for a time."

The importunities of his friends, joined to the entreaties of his Berwick family, even more than the imminence of the danger he could no longer ignore, at length sent him on board of a French ship which landed him in Dieppe, January 20, 1554.

An Apostolic Epistle to the *Faithful in London*, written in Dieppe, is thus superscribed:

"From a sore troubled heart, upon my departure from Dieppe, whither, God knoweth! In God is my trust, through Jesus Christ His Son, and therefore, I fear not the tyranny of man, neither yet what the devil can invent against me. Rejoice, ye faithful, for in joy shall we meet, where death may not dissever us." (Dated, *February, 1554.*)

Throughout this month of waiting for news from England, he was only withheld from returning to that country by the vehement dissuasions of those he had left, and the certain knowledge that he would be apprehended and hurried off to a violent death as soon as he set foot upon British soil, thus forever depriving friends and Church of services he burned to render.

"In God's grace I may come to battle before that all the conflict be ended," he says in a letter that pants with eagerness to be in the thick of the fray.

"And haste the time, O Lord, at Thy good pleasure, that once again my tongue may yet praise Thy holy name before the congregation, if it were but in the very hour of death! . . . If a short end be not made of my miseries by final death (which to me were no small advantage) yet, by Him Who never despised the sobs of the sore afflicted, I shall be so encouraged to fight that England and Scotland shall both know that I am ready to suffer more than either poverty or exile for the pro-

fession of that doctrine, and that heavenly religion whereof it has pleased His merciful providence to make me, among others, a simple soldier and witness-bearer unto men. And therefore, mother, let no fear enter into your heart that I, escaping the furious rage of these ravening wolves, that, for our unthankfulness, are lately loosed from their bands, do repent anything of my former fervency.

"No, mother! for a few sermons by me to be made within England, my heart at this hour could be content to suffer more than nature were able to sustain. As, by the grace of the most mighty and most merciful God, Who only is God of comfort and consolation through Christ Jesus, one day shall be known."

The briefest of outlines compatible with historical accuracy must be made to include the next eighteen months. From Dieppe, Knox journeyed through Switzerland, receiving from those like-minded with himself "affectionate hospitality." Drawn back to Dieppe in May by the yearning for news from England, and the desire to return thither if practicable, he had dispiriting tidings from "Christ's weak and sore-troubled disciples (for yet He hath some in that wretched and miserable realm)," and was withheld by his friends from throwing his life away in the effort to rejoin them. From Dieppe he went to Geneva, there to be received with open arms by John Cal-

vin. In the month of June, spent by the Scottish with the Swiss Reformer, the friendship was formed that lasted until Calvin's death in 1564.

In July, the periodical visit to Dieppe, never remitted during this exile, was even more disheartening than the former. Bonner and Gardiner, with the sanction and support of the throne, were scouring the kingdom with the fury of hell-hounds. Knox's Apostolic Epistle of this date is the cry of one in bonds, yet agonising to comfort those he cannot rescue, even by the sacrifice of freedom and life.

With a burdened heart he repaired again to Geneva, and plunged, as if eager to escape from his own thoughts, into the study of Hebrew. A few months later he accepted a call from English and Scotch refugees who had organised themselves into a church in Frankfort-on-the-Mayne. His pastorate there was ended by a charge lodged against him by certain malcontents lately arrived from England, that Knox had written and published treasonable matter against the Emperor of Germany, Philip of Spain, and Philip's Queen, Mary Tudor of England. In substantiation of the accusation, a book

was exhibited—being one of the aforesaid "Letters" to English Protestants,—in which the proposed Spanish marriage was deprecated and Mary's cruelties to her Protestant subjects censured.

The friendly magistrates, in the fear lest news of the agitation might reach the Emperor, and they be compelled to give up the accused to the English Government, kindly advised Knox to resign his charge and withdraw to Switzerland. Calvin welcomed his persecuted brother more warmly than at his first visit, and upon receiving an explanatory letter from the leader of the Frankfort disturbance, "did not conceal his opinion that Knox had been used in an unbrotherly and unchristian manner, and that it would have been better for his accuser to have remained at home than to have come into a foreign country to inflame a peaceable society."

In August, 1555, Knox received a pressing invitation to return to Scotland, now under the regency of Mary of Lorraine, the widow of James V. Having ousted Arran from his office, she paid assiduous court to the Protestants, whom he had persecuted, using them, without their knowledge, as a



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY,
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

wholesome "brake" upon the arrogance of the Roman Catholic clergy. Emerging into the light, as hunted creatures from dens and caves of the earth when the noise of the chase dies away, pastors and people breathed freely once more in the joyful hope of freedom to worship God after the dictates of enlightened consciences. One of the first measures taken to carry this hope on to fruition was to recall their ablest preacher from exile.

He reached Berwick and his faithful Marjorie when the glorious harvest season of England was nearing a mellow close, and "had the satisfaction of finding his wife and mother-in-law in comfortable circumstances, and enjoying the happiness of religious society with several individuals in that city, who, like themselves, had not bowed the knee to an established idolatry, nor consented to receive the mark of Anti-Christ."



CHAPTER VII

FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER UNDER SCOTTISH REFORMATION — MIGHTY RELIGIOUS REVIVAL — MARY OF LORRAINE AND THE PASQUIL—KNOX'S THIRD EXILE—CHURCH IN GENEVA—SUMMONS TO SCOTLAND—DISAPPOINTMENT

AN inscription upon the back of a portrait of Knox in the hall of Calder House in West Lothian, Scotland, records that in that place he administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time after the beginning of the Scottish Reformation.

This Communion was held during Knox's visit to his native land, 1555–56. How doubtful he had been as to the expediency of going to Scotland at all we are advised by a letter to Mrs. Bowes, whose importunate counsels were, for once, tolerably judicious, or seemed wise to her grateful son-in-law.

"Albeit my journey toward Scotland, beloved mother, was most contrarious to my own judgment before I did enterprise the same, yet this day I praise God for them who were the cause external of my resort to these quarters. That is, I praise God in you, and for you, whom He made the instrument to draw me from the den of my own ease (*you always did draw me from the rest of quiet study*) to contemplate and behold the fervent thirst of our brethren, night and day, sobbing and groaning for the bread of life. If I had not seen it with my eyes in my own country I could not have believed it."

It was still the custom, even of those who held the Reformed Faith in their hearts, to attend Roman Catholic churches, and to take the Eucharist from the priest's hands. They had no houses of worship or pastors of their own, and the Latin Church was that of the State. To bow in the House of Rimmon in order to save fortune, home, and the lives of those dearest to the conformist, did not imply obedience in feeling or belief. The cowed or prudent Scot did it with mental reservations which, he hoped, might plead for him with the Searcher of hearts. Meetings of welcome to Knox were held in private houses until these were insufficient to hold the great audiences. At one of the convocations attended by the principal Protest-

ants of Edinburgh, Knox courageously exposed the sin of countenancing the "Idolatry of the Mass," and seeming to join in the service. After a long and vehement debate, those who contended for the policy of outward conformity and the wisdom of avoiding public defiance of authority which was irresistible, if not lawful, yielded the point, and all present pledged themselves to "abstain for the future from such temporising conduct."

This was the visible dawn of the Reformation in Scotland, since it was the first organised opposition to Papal supremacy.

The next important step was the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the friendly house of John Erskine, of Dun, a staunch upholder of the New Way, yet "whose great respectability of character and approved loyalty and patriotism had preserved him from the resentment of the clergy and the jealousy of the Government during the successive periods of persecution." He, with a large number of influential men of the region, after professing their faith at the Holy Feast, solemnly declared their renunciation of the Roman

Catholic religion and pledged themselves to the promotion of a purer and simpler form of belief and worship, and the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, "as Providence might favour them with opportunities."

Up to the date of this formal demonstration on the part of the Non-conformists, the clergy had paid little attention to what was going on at the convocations, and none to the trivial event of Knox's return. Awakening was inevitable as the pious enthusiasm spread from place to place, and the congregations were obliged to seek accommodations in public buildings and extensive barns. The bruit of the popular excitement at length reached the Court of the Queen-Regent, and the query went around as to the name and history of "the English preacher."

"It is no Englishman!" growled Beatoun, Archbishop of Glasgow, in the true spirit of his predecessors in name and in office. "It is that knave, Knox!"

A summons to the "knave" to appear before a Diet of the clergy at Edinburgh followed hard upon the discovery of his identity. Like Luther, Knox went, undismayed, to the appointed place, and a day

or two in advance of that named in the citation. The clergy, unprepared for the contest, or fearing a tumult among the people, postponed the meeting of the Diet upon some petty pretext, and Knox preached, instead, to an imposing assembly in the Bishop of Dunkeld's palace, on the very day and hour set for his trial. What would be called now "a protracted meeting" was kept up in the same place for ten days without a sign of intervention from Church or State.

The "meeting" was in progress when Knox wrote to his sympathising mother-in-law:

"BELOVED MOTHER:

"With my most hearty commendation in the Lord Jesus; Albeit I was fully purposed to have visited you before this time, yet hath God laid impediments which I could not avoid. They are such as I doubt not are to His glory and to the comfort of many here.

"The trumpet blew the old sound three days together 'till private houses of indifferent largeness could not contain the voice of it. . . . Oh! sweet were the death that should follow such forty days in Edinburgh as here I have had three! Rejoice, mother! the time of our deliverance approacheth, for as Satan rageth, so does the grace of the Holy Spirit abound, and daily giveth men testimonies of the everlasting love of our merciful Father.

I can write no more to you at this present. The grace of the Lord Jesus rest with you!

"In haste, this Monday.

"Your son,

"JOHN KNOX."

The excitement spread beyond the common people, who heard the great preacher gladly, to the higher classes. Several sanguine and influential noblemen prevailed upon the Reformer to write a formal letter to the Queen-Regent, whose honeyed talk of toleration of the religious faith of her "dear peoples" led many, and, it would appear, Knox among them, to hope that she meant some part of what she said.

Those who are accustomed, upon meagre and superficial evidence, to consider John Knox an uncouth and truculent boor, should read the paper, from which I can give but a few extracts:

"I doubt not that the rumours which have come to your Grace's ears of me have been such that (if all reports were true) I were unworthy to live in the earth. And wonder is that the voices of the multitude should not so have inflamed your Grace's heart with just hatred of such an one as I am accused to be that all access to pity should have been shut up. I am traduced as a heretic, accused as a false teacher and seducer of the people, besides other opprobries which—affirmed by men of

worldly honour and estimation—may easily kindle the wrath of magistrates where innocence is not known.

"But, blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, by the dew of His heavenly grace, hath so quenched the fire of displeasure as yet in your Grace's heart that Satan is frustrated of his enterprise and purpose."

He furthermore apologises, and not ungracefully, "that a man of base estate and condition dare enterprise to admonish a Princess so honourable, endued with singular wisdom and graces."

Then follows a manly protest—always respectful, and even deferential—against the supremacy of a single form of churchly government in the kingdom of Scotland, coupled with an earnest petition for reform in creeds and practice.

"Your Grace's power is not as free as a public Reformation perchance would require," he says, generously and tolerantly. "You cannot hastily abolish superstition. . . . But if the zeal of God's glory be fervent in your Grace's heart, you will not, by wicked laws, maintain idolatry, neither will you suffer the fury of Bishops to murder and devour."

Mary of Lorraine never learned to speak the language of her adopted country well,

but she was a clever and a learnèd woman, and better versed in Scottish history than her daughter, Mary Stuart, ever cared to become. She was not a resident of Scotland when young Patrick Hamilton was set in the midst of a fire so slow that he was four hours in burning to ashes, and which had fed upon him for half that time before his dying cry went up to heaven, "Lord Jesus! receive my spirit! How long shall darkness overwhelm this realm?"

But Mary had been James's Queen for four years when George Wishart,

> "the sweetest soul
> That ever looked with human eyes,"

was burned upon the green in front of St. Andrews while David Beatoun—advanced by her husband from Archbishop to Cardinal—sat by, gloating upon the spectacle.

The marriage ceremony of the King of fair Scotland and Mary of Guise and of Lorraine was performed in the Cathedral of St. Andrews, in which, also, Patrick Hamilton, Wishart, and other martyrs were tried, condemned, and sentenced. It may be true that, as one of her eulogists alleges,

"Mary, in her queenly court at Stirling occupied with

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those sweet cares of maternity which soften above all other occupations the heart of woman, studying the interests of her babe [Mary Stuart] by playing the popular with the people, and winning the golden opinions of the preachers of the 'true Evangile,' had had nothing to do with the insane persecutions, drownings, burnings and butcheries practised by the Lord-Regent Arran, and his uncle, the Cardinal, at Perth."

Nevertheless, she was aware that Knox did not put his case too strongly in entreating her, who was now Regent in Arran's stead, not to "suffer the fury of Bishops to murder and devour." His hopes were raised to expect a courteous and probably a favourable reply to what those who knew the beautiful Regent's moods and policies better than he—"a man of base estate and condition"—had the opportunity of learning, pronounced a reasonable and respectful petition.

The letter, so carefully and prayerfully indited, was presented to the Regent in her queenly court by the Earl of Glencairn, who, with the Earl Mareschal of Scotland, had urged the preparation of the remonstrance.

Mary of Lorraine, although in her fortieth summer, was, says a historian admirer, "one of the handsomest and least sincere

of living princesses." This is going very far when one reflects that Catherine of Medici in France, and the disowned Princess Elizabeth of England, were watching the march of history and biding their time to become the leading figures upon the royal chess-board. "Like all insincere persons, she boasted of her frankness and plain-dealing"—thus her most partial biographer. And again: "Having been twice married, she had acquired sufficient experience of the combative dispositions of the lords of creation to impress her with the conviction that if a lady desires to have what is commonly called her own way, she must refrain from speaking her mind."

She was off guard on this particular court day. Receiving the memorial from Glencairn with a smile, she glanced over it carelessly, reading just enough to inform herself as to the nature of the communication, and handed it laughingly to Knox's bitterest enemy, the Archbishop of Glasgow:

"Please you, my Lord, to read a Pasquil?"

Whether the ill-advised gibe was the too common yielding to the temptation to say

a "smart" thing without weighing the consequences, or an intentional insult, we may not now determine. History is full of anecdotes of other quick-tongued people who have not scrupled to sacrifice a friend to an epigram. To Knox's adherents and to himself, the applause of the courtiers, the disdainful triumph of the Archbishop, conjoined with the gay scorn of the most fascinating, as she was the most powerful, woman in Scotland, rang the knell of their hopes for the Reformed Cause.

As one of them sorrowfully phrased his conviction, "The realm was not yet ripe."

Knox was writhing under the anguish of a defeat, the bitterer for the triumph and hopefulness that had preceded it, when an affectionately importunate letter arrived from Geneva, beseeching him, "in God's name, as he was their chosen pastor, to repair unto them for their comfort."

With characteristic impetuosity, he sent his wife and her mother (now a widow) directly from Edinburgh to Dieppe, and wound up his affairs with expedition that he might shortly rejoin them there. The utmost that he would promise to those who

would have detained him in Scotland was that, "should they continue in godliness, and if God should bless their small beginnings, whenever they pleased to command him, they would find him obedient. But once he must needs visit that little flock which the wickedness of men had compelled him to leave."

As he had foreseen from the knowledge he had gained of the temporising policy of the Queen-Regent, the faithful laity he instructed in a "Letter of Wholesome Counsel," left behind him, were not molested by the Government. His opinion that he, and not the cause he represented, was the point of attack on the part of the clergy, was justified by the events succeeding his departure. No sooner was he out of the country than the summons to appear before the Diet was reissued, and as he did not answer it, the priestly farce was concluded by a sentence of everlasting damnation, and the burning of his effigy, in default of the flesh-and-blood Knox, at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, close to the Cathedral of St. Giles, which was to be made historic in days to come by his pulpit and teachings.

From Geneva, he sent back a letter to the Regent, which, without being rude, recalls the admonitions addressed by Savonarola to the impious Florentine rulers.

"As charity"—he says with forced forbearance—"persuadeth me to interpret things doubtfully spoken in the best sense, so my duty to God (Who hath commanded me to flatter no prince in the earth) compelleth me to say, that if ye no more esteem the admonition of God nor [than] the cardinals do the scoffing of pasquills, then He shall shortly send you messengers with whom ye shall not be able in that manner to jest. . . .

"I did not speak unto you, Madame, by my former letter, neither yet do I now, as Pasquillus doth to the Pope, in behalf of such as dare not utter their names. But I come in the name of Jesus Christ, affirming that the religion which ye maintain is damnable idolatry, the which I offer myself to prove by the most evident testimonies of God's Scripture. And in this quarrel I present myself against all the Papists in the realm, desiring none other armour, but God's Holy Word, and the liberty of my tongue."

Another blessed breathing-spell—the last the Reformer was to have on this side of the grave—succeeded his return to his Genevan flock. At his recommendation a number of English exiles sought an asylum in the hospitable town upon Lake Leman. Mr. Locke, an eminent London merchant, and his wife, were of these, and added

much to the strength of the church formally organised under Knox's pastorate, February 10, 1557. Two sons, afterwards ministers of the Church of England, were born to him in Geneva. His testimony to the bodily and mental comfort enjoyed by him and his here is valuable and pleasing:

"Where [that is, in Geneva] I neither fear nor shame to say, is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was in the earth since the days of the Apostles. In other places I confess Christ to be truly preached, but manners and religion to be so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place beside."

His health improved in the air of Switzerland, and under the care of his gentle wife, and he found time for the pursuit of his belovèd studies in such a home as had never been his until now. Calvin was his close friend, and his relations with all his clerical brethren were harmonious. But for the rumours of the monstrous cruelties practised upon Protestants in France and England, and disturbances in his ever-belovèd Scotland, his peace would have flowed like a river.

We pass reluctantly on to the summons

signed by the dauntless Earl of Glencairn, Erskine of Dun, and others, inviting him, in their own name and in that of their brethren, to return to Scotland, where he would find them all ready to receive him, and "to spend their lives and fortunes in advancing the cause which they had espoused."

Calvin's opinion coincided with that of his fellow-Reformers, when Knox besought their advice in this perplexing strait. "He could not refuse the call without showing himself rebellious to God and unmerciful to his country," was the decision given and received with tears and heard with unfeigned regret by the people of Geneva.

With an aching, yet hopeful, heart, the thrice-banished Scot began his journey to Dieppe, visiting French congregations on the way. In one church, he declared his intention of preaching in St. Giles in Edinburgh before long. A keen chagrin awaited him at Dieppe. The noblemen who had stirred up the sweet nest in Geneva wrote doubtfully of the reception he would have in his native land. The love of men had waxed cold; "some began to repent of the invitation which they had

given him to return, and the greater part seemed irresolute and faint-hearted."

In the indignant letter dispatched to Edinburgh before he retraced his course to the one refuge where he was sure of finding solace and welcome, he sketched the plan he had formed in his own mind for the adjustment and right management of the vexed questions in Scottish State and Church. He had no thought that this seed, cast almost at random into what he thought was unfriendly soil, and watered with tears, would spring up and bring forth fruit abundantly, and at no distant day. How little he anticipated this, and how troubled were his "deep cogitations" after he was once more at home and at work, we learn from his own pen :

"When I heard such troubles as appeared in that realm [Scotland], I began to dispute with myself as followeth : Shall Christ, the author of peace, concord and quietness, be preached where war is proclaimed, sedition engendered, and tumults appear to rise ? Shall not His Evangel be accused as the cause of all this calamity which is like to follow ? What comfort canst thou have, to see one-half of the people rise up against the other ? yea, to jeopard the one, to murder and destroy the other ? But, above all, what joy shall it be to thy heart to behold with thy eyes thy native

country betrayed into the hands of strangers, which, to no man's judgment, can be avoided, because that those who ought to defend it, and the liberty thereof, are so blind, dull and obstinate, that they will not see their own destruction?"

This humane and Christian dread of bloodshed, already exemplified in his instructions to the Mont St. Michel prisoners, found further expression in the pastoral letters dispatched to Scotland as he had opportunity. The essence of these has been well condensed by Dr. McCrie:

"It was peculiarly incumbent on the Protestants of Scotland to be circumspect in all their proceedings, that they might give their adversaries no reason to allege that seditions and rebellious designs were concealed under the cloak of zeal for reforming religion. His advice and solemn charge to them, therefore, was that they should continue to yield cheerful obedience to all the lawful commands of the Regent, and endeavour, by humble and repeated requests, to procure her favour, and to prevail upon her, if not to promote their cause, at least to protect them from persecution.

"If she refused to take any steps for reforming religion, it was their duty to provide that the gospel should be preached, and the sacraments administered in purity, to themselves and to their brethren.

"*If*"—a momentous proviso which is, yet, set down in temperate language — "If, while they were endeavouring peaceably to accomplish this, attempts should be made to crush them by violence, he did not

think that they would be bound to look on and see their innocent brethren murdered. On the contrary, it was lawful for them, nay, it was their incumbent duty, to stand up in their own defence.

"But even in this case they ought to protest their readiness to obey the Regent in everything consistent with their fidelity to God, and to avoid all association with the ambitious, the factious, and the turbulent."

If we are inclined to arraign Knox sharply for subsequent deliverances that betray the fretting of a chafed and goaded spirit, we cannot withhold the meed of praise for the strong sense and loyal moderation manifest in every line of this address to a people who were on the perilous verge of religious and political revolution.





CHAPTER VIII

THE "BLAST AGAINST THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WOMEN," AND ITS CONSEQUENCES —PERSECUTIONS IN SCOTLAND UNDER MARY OF LORRAINE

JOHN KNOX made grave mistakes, and not a few of them, in the course of a tempestuous life. One of the most serious of his blunders had in it such a blending of the ridiculous that it is hardly possible for us to attach such importance to the act as really attended it.

In the year 1558, while resident in Geneva, he published a pamphlet that has given him more notoriety than all the rest of his writings put together. I refer, of course, to *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.* It is not creditable to the intelligence of a majority of those who have heard of

and discussed the "Blast," that the word "Regiment" as used by the author is so generally taken in the sense now applied to it, to wit, "a body of soldiers." "Regimen" was the word intended by the Scottish penman, as signifying "government." Only that and nothing more.

The gist of the brochure was in the first sentence :

"To promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion or empire, above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to His revealed will and approved ordinance, and finally, it is a subversion of all equity and justice."

Thereupon he fell furiously to work to prove his hypothesis from Scripture, from history, and from physical and intellectual laws. I will not weary the reader and myself with recapitulating arguments worn into filthy tatters with much and not overnice usage. It is more interesting to inquire into the provocations that spurred him to a task he and his friends had bitter cause to regret, and that right soon.

He had suffered much and great things under feminine government. The glimpses

his letters give us into his domestic life move us to amazement at his marvellous endurance for love's and gratitude's sake with an officious and overbearing, although fond, mother-in-law. Let him be sick or well, she prodded him with queries and suggestions as to his affairs, and insistent complaints as to her own. "You always did draw me from the rest of quiet study," albeit playfully parenthetical, is significant. She set upon him naggingly until he made court to Sir Robert Bowes, who kicked him (figuratively) out-of-doors for his and her pains. When he was tortured in body, and in hourly expectation of arrest that meant to him death, she enclosed in a letter a string of texts for which she asked him to supply parallels and, at the same time, to write an exposition of a Psalm she had been reading. She went with him to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh into his Genevan exile, where she became jealous of the pleasure her pastor son-in-law took in the society of the better-educated and better-tempered Mrs. Locke.

When he appeared unexpectedly in Berwick, in 1555, after a separation of two years from his wife, urged to the return by

Mrs. Bowes's letters, she, nevertheless, plained, sentimentally, that "she had not been equally made privy to his coming into the country with others." Knox, ever and singularly indulgent to the humours of her who had been the first to open hospitable doors to the ex-galley-slave, hastened to assure her that "none is, this day, within the realm of England, with whom I would more gladly speak (only she whom God hath offered unto me as my own flesh, excepted) than with you."

Mary Tudor's persecutions had chased him out of her kingdom into an exile where his soul was torn, as with red-hot pincers, by the tidings of the horrible sufferings and deaths of his brethren and friends, whose blood cried from the ground unto Heaven and to all true men.

The kindling flame of his hopes for the establishment of a pure Faith in Scotland had been puffed out, like a taper, by one contemptuous breath of Mary of Lorraine. The Queen-Regent's only daughter was in training in persecuting France, under the eye of Catherine de' Medici, virtual ruler of a land she could not govern under her own name, a land where the blood of martyrs

fattened the soil at the instance of the haughty Florentine.

The successor of the sickly and childless Queen of England would be her sister Elizabeth, whom the outspoken Reformer held to be "neather gude Protestant nor yet resolute Papist." The outlook, to a stubborn Scot, reared in the thick of sixteenth-century prejudices as to the divine right of Man to hold dominion over all inferior creatures, was as dark as a Polar winter. Had Mary Tudor lived ten years longer, the extreme probability is that the "First Blast" would have been followed by the proposed Second and Third, and all three been forgotten by this time—indeed two centuries ago. Her death, occurring almost simultaneously with the publication of the ill-advised screed, and the elevation of her sister, a nominal Protestant, to the throne, gave a violent turn to the trend of popular opinion. Knox had anticipated that he would be branded as "curious [eccentric], despiteful, a sower of sedition, and, one day, perchance, be attainted for treason." When remonstrated with by a friend upon the extravagance of his language and the wretched taste of such a

production at such a time, he frankly admitted his "rude ve[illegible]ce, and inconsidered affirmations, w[illegible]her to proceed from choler, than of zeal and reason." Before Elizabeth had reigned a year, he would have recalled the intemperate diatribe, or, at least, have qualified it in part, or as a whole, had this been practicable. But the mischief was done. John Aylmer, who had been Roger Ascham's associate or successor in the tutelage of the lovely and accomplished Lady Jane Grey, published an answer to the "Blast," and got a Bishopric thereby, while the luckless Scotchman earned for himself the lasting dislike of the Maiden Monarch.

To do Aylmer justice, he generously tried to muffle the rougher notes of Knox's "Trumpet," by urging in extenuation of the vehemence of his co-exile, that if Knox had been particular, and not general, in his treatment of the matter in hand, attacking "the unnatural, unreasonable, unjust, and unlawful government of Queen Mary, he could have said nothing too much, nor in such wise as to have offended any indifferent man."

It would have been a moral and spiritual

impossibility for the zealous blunderer thus to trim his vessel with Mrs. Bowes, a domestic dictator, forever at his elbow ; with news of the late Parisian massacre of unoffending Protestants—basely slandered by Cardinal Lorraine, the Queen-Regent's brother, as guilty of murderous and licentious practices in their private and public worship—making both his ears to tingle ; with Mary of Lorraine, false of tongue and heart, beguiling her subjects to-day with promises of protection, and, on the morrow, letting Walter Mill, when fourscore-and-two years old, burn at the stake because Cardinal Beatoun had, in his cruel lifetime, condemned him as a heretic. If he lifted the Trumpet to his lips, the Blast must be harsh and loud.

Meanwhile, letters from home were exciting enough to drive all selfish concerns out of his mind and to make him forget the "Blast" and its possible consequences.

"A hundred better than I shall arise out of the ashes of my bones," said the aged Mill as the flames mounted to his lips. "I trust in God I shall be the last that shall suffer death in Scotland for this cause."

His was the last deliberate murder of the



MARY OF LORRAINE

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ecclesiastical campaign. But the struggle in which the nation, in a paroxysm of horror and grief, arose and stood upon its feet was in the eyes of Christendom a menace of carnage.

Just before the martyrdom of Mill, the Lords of the Congregation—as the leaders of the Protestant party were called after their banding together by a solemn Covenant to set forward and establish the most blessed Word of God and His Congregation—had presented to the Queen-Regent a petition so important as to its provisions and its effects as to demand a careful entry here. It was in substance as follows:

"1. That as, by the laws of the land, they had, after long debate, obtained liberty to read the Scriptures in their native language, it should also be lawful for them to use, publicly or privately, common prayers in the vulgar tongue.

"2. That if, in the course of reading the Scriptures in their assemblies, any difficulty occurred, it should be lawful for any qualified person in knowledge to explain it, subject to the judgment of the most godly and most learned within the realm.

"3. That the Holy Sacrament of baptism may be used in the vulgar tongue.

"4. That the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or of His most blessed body and blood, may likewise be ministrate in the vulgar tongue, and in both kinds.

[That is, the wine, as well as the bread, described as the "consecrated elements," should be partaken of by people as well as priests.]

"5. That the wicked, slanderous, and detestable lives of Prelates, and of the state ecclesiastical, may be so reformed that the people by them have not occasion, as for many days they have had, to *contempe* their ministry and the preaching whereof they should be messengers."

In conclusion, the instrument testifies that, "We are content that, not only the rules and precepts of the New Testament, but also the writings of the ancient Fathers, and the godly approved laws of Justinian, decide the controversy that is between us and them," *i.e.*, the Bishops and other clergy of the Roman Church in Scotland.

The gracious audience awarded to their ambassadors by the Regent was made more auspicious to the desires of the petitioners by the intelligence conveyed to them, a little while afterwards, that the urbane sovereign was willing to permit the Reformed party "to use themselves godly, according to their desires, provided that they should not make public assemblies in Edinburgh, or of Leith."

She furthermore engaged to "give assistance to the preachers, until some uniform

order might be established by a Parliament."

Terrified by the storm of righteous wrath raised by the murder of Walter Mill, she openly "lamented the cruelty of the Archbishop, and protested her innocence of any share in it, for that the sentence was given without her knowledge, because the victim had formerly been a priest, therefore, the Bishop's officer did proceed upon him without any commission of the civil authority."

A second application, made to her in July, by the Lords of the Congregation, pressing home the urgency of the need of the protection she had promised, was heard as suavely and answered as reassuringly as before. While still hugging to their loyal hearts her pledge of "assistance," the Committee and the nation were horrified by her acquiescence in the requisition of the Archbishop of St. Andrews that Paul Methven, a "popular preacher of low degree," who was conducting public services and administering the Sacraments after the methods of the Reformers, should be tried for heresy, at Holyrood.

She had, to quote a writer of that day,

"shown herself so connivent to the Congregation in many things" that they were loath to credit her share in what threatened to renew the scenes of Mill's judicial murder. The Bishops were the more resolute in their measures because of outbreaks in various counties which showed the temper of the masses. Images disappeared from churches, or were broken, and "in Edinburgh was that great idol called *St. Gile*, first drowned in the North Loch, and then burned."

Methven answered to the summons on the day named (July 19th or 20th), but beside him a formidable body of Western lairds pressed after and upon the terrified prelates into the Queen-Regent's very presence, defying guards and gentlemen-in-waiting. The spokesman was James Chalmers of Gathgirth.

He wasted no time in polite preliminaries.

"Madame!" he rolled forth in his broadest Ayrshire accent, "we know that this is the malice and device of these jailbirds, and of that bastard" (the Archbishop of St. Andrews was the natural son of Lord Hamilton) "who stands by you. We avow to God, we shall make a day of it.

They oppress us and our tenants for feeding of their idle bellies; they trouble our preachers, and would murder them and us. Shall we suffer this any longer? No, Madame! it shall not be!"

A harsh clang rang through the hall as every man clapped his steel helmet back upon the head he had bared in reverence to the Regent, and every sword rattled in its scabbard.

"Mary of Lorraine," says Miss Strickland, "like all female rulers, possessed peculiar talents as a peace sovereign."

Nevertheless, as has been already remarked, she had neglected one important means of ingratiating herself with the rugged Bordermen and semi-barbarous Highlanders. She had lived for one-and-twenty years in the land to which she came as a bride, without learning to speak the language with any degree of fluency, or even ease. Self-possessed as she was, in seeming, at this critical juncture, she was more unsuccessful than usual in commanding the right words, and lent a ludicrous touch to what she would have made impressive pleading.

"My joys! my hearts!" she said to the

frowning, bonneted intruders, "what ails you? Me means no evil to you, nor to your preachers. The Bishops shall do you no wrong. Ye are all my loving subjects. Me know nothing of this proclamation. The day of your preachers shall be discharged, and Me will hear the controversy that is betwixt the Bishops and you. They shall do you no wrong."

Turning to face the Bishops, who were too used to royal lying to betray surprise at her disavowal of what she had endorsed, she continued: "My Lords! I forbid you either to trouble them or their preachers."

Again to the listening lairds, "who were wondrously commoved": "O my hearts! should ye not love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your mind, and should ye not love your neighbours as yourselfes."

"With these and the like fair words," says Knox's *History of the Reformation,* "she kept the Bishops from buffets at that time."

Gratitude for escaping with whole skins did not move the prelates to gentler measures with the seceders, and from her kinsmen across the Channel, the Duke of Guise

and Cardinal Lorraine, came angry reproaches for having, "by her mildness and forbearance, spoiled everything." Under the combined pressure of domestic and foreign counsels, she showed her hand boldly in a proclamation from the Market Cross of Edinburgh, prohibiting any person from preaching or administering the Sacraments without authority from the Bishops, and commanding that the approaching festival of Easter should be kept according to the canons of the Romish Church.

The astounded Congregation sent our old friend, the Earl of Glencairn, and Sir Hugh Campbell, the Sheriff of Ayr, to expostulate with the Queen-Regent. After hearing their errand she threw the reins upon the neck of a naturally fiery temper and informed them that "in spite of them, she would silence their preachers, were they even as eloquent as St. Paul." When they would have reminded her of the fair words she had used to them upon a former occasion, she retorted with what should move us to lenient judgment of the daughter of such a mother and a Stuart father:

"*Princes ought not to be urged with their*

promises farther than suits their convenience to observe them.''

The emissaries spoke as one man:

"Then, Madame, if you are resolved to keep no faith with your subjects, you must not be surprised if we renounce the obedience which otherwise we should consider as your due."

Nor could the flattering words in which she confessed that she had spoken hastily, and endeavoured to restore their confidence in her good-will, remove the fatal impression from their minds. They were not surprised, and the body of the people with whom she had broken faith should not have been, when, upon learning of the open introduction of the Protestant form of worship into Perth, then the capital of Scotland, she ordered the process against the recalcitrant preachers to go on, and cited them to trial at the town of Stirling.

The hollow truce was at an end. In the eloquent words of one whose partisanship of the Stuarts, right or wrong, casts a glamour over all that pertained to those of the blood, and whose sympathies would not, therefore, bias judgment in favour of the Reformed Religion:

"Scotland, bursting like an enraged lioness, from the enslaving meshes of a net which a corrupt priesthood had drawn too tightly to be endured, broke down every barrier that impeded her liberation; unscrupulous, indeed, as to the means employed to attain her object, yet determined, on conscientious grounds, to obtain it or perish in the attempt."

It should go without saying that, months before this open conflict of religious authorities, John Knox had been imperatively summoned to join his brethren in Scotland. The recall came first during the deceitful lull caused by the Regent's promised protection of preachers and parishes. A great and a wide door, which no man could shut, was opened for the banished man's return. Close upon the recall followed tidings of the accession of a Protestant princess to the throne of England. Bidding farewell to his devoted flock in Geneva, with whom he left his wife and family until he could be assured that it would be safe for them to go to Scotland, he set out in January, 1559, for England, *via* Dieppe. There he was, in military phrase, "halted" peremptorily by Elizabeth's refusal to grant safe conduct through her kingdom to the author of the *Blast*

against the Monstrous Regiment of Women. Her displeasure at what, Knox's advocates vainly protested, was not aimed at her was so violent that it was not prudent to mention the Reformer in her hearing. She and her flatterers pushed the petty revenge to the extent of suspecting the many refugees who had flocked back to England after Mary's death of having concurred in the sentiments expressed in the unlucky screed, and being, in consequence, untrustworthy subjects of a queen-regnant.

"My First Blast hath blown from me all my friends in England," Knox wrote back to Geneva, in the shock and sharpness of his disappointment. "My conscience bears record that yet I seek the favour of my God, and so I am in the less fear. . . . And yet I have been a secret and assured friend to thee, O England, in cases which thyself could not have remedied."

This letter bears date of April 6, 1559.

He had secrets of weight to England on his mind now. In his journey from Geneva to Dieppe he had received certain information of the intention of the French Court, instigated by Mary of Lorraine's brothers, to claim the throne of England for their young

Queen, Mary Stuart, and to impeach the legitimacy of Elizabeth. The suppression of the Protestant religion in Scotland would strengthen the French alliance. Knox's anxiety to enlist the aid of England in behalf of the infant Reformation in the sister-kingdom forecast the policy adopted by Elizabeth and her ministers in the following year. In the hope of bringing the scheme before the Queen, he wrote courteously to Cecil, clearing his fellow-exiles from complicity in the offensive "Blast," and declaring his personal gratification in Elizabeth's accession to the throne.

"This was the third time that he had craved liberty to pass through England. He had no desire to visit the court, or to remain long in the country, but he was anxious to communicate to Cecil, or to some other trusty person, matters of great importance which it was not prudent to commit to writing, or intrust to an ordinary messenger. If his request were refused, it would turn out to the disadvantage of England."

The appeal was no more successful than the other two. The "Blast" had banned him with his Sovereign Lady the Queen, and her imperious temper was already too well known to those about her for any one to risk his own standing in her favour by

so much as presenting a letter bearing Knox's signature. The news from Scotland grew more ominous with each post, and Knox sailed from Dieppe direct for Leith on the 22d of April, 1559.



CHAPTER IX

KNOX'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND—TRIAL OF SCOTTISH PREACHERS—RIOT IN PERTH AND EDINBURGH—OPEN RESISTANCE OF THE "BAND"—KNOX AT ST. ANDREWS—"THE HOUR AND THE MAN"

THE unexpected appearance in Scotland of the redoubtable champion of the Reformed faith was like the explosion of a bombshell in a hostile camp. On the morning of the third day of May, word was brought to the Council of Prelates sitting in the monastery of the Greyfriars in Edinburgh, that John Knox had landed at Leith the day before. The Council adjourned in haste, and an express messenger galloped off to Glasgow, where the Regent was staying. In less than twenty-four hours the returned exile was declared publicly from the Market Cross to be an excommunicated outlaw, subject to the sen-

tence pronounced upon him by the clergy two years before.

A letter to his Genevan parishioner, Mrs. Locke dated "*From Edinburgh in haste, the 3d of May,*" shows his vivid appreciation of what lay before him, and that this was a supreme crisis in his experience:

"The perpetual comfort of the Holy Ghost for salutation!

"'These few lines are to signify unto you, dear sister, that it hath pleased the merciful providence of my Heavenly Father to conduct me to Edinburgh, where I arrived the 2d of May, uncertain, as yet, what God shall further work in this country, except that I see the battle shall be great. For Satan rageth even to the uttermost, and I am come, I praise my God, even in the brunt of the battle. For my fellow-preachers have a day appointed to answer before the Queen-regent, the 10th of this instant, when I intend (if God impede not) also to be present, by life, by death, or else by both, to glorify His holy name, Who thus mercifully hath heard my long cries. Assist me, sister, with your prayers, that now I shrink not when the battle approacheth. Other things I have to communicate, but travel [travail] after travel, doth so occupy me that no time is granted me to write."

He left Edinburgh the same day for Dundee, where a large concourse of Protestants was in waiting to escort the ministers to their place of trial. The comrade of Knox's old-time conflicts, John Erskine of Dun,

preceded the concourse with a pacific message to the Regent at Stirling. She promised, with engaging readiness, to forbid the trial if the assembly would disperse quietly to their several homes.

"The Protestants testified their pacific intentions by a cheerful compliance with this request, and the greater part, confiding in the royal promise, returned to their homes," says the naïve record of the negotiation.

In the light of the sequel and in the recollection of the Regent's expressed appreciation of the value of princes' pledges, there is caustic humour in the words "royal promise." For the trial was called on the appointed day, by the Queen-Regent's order, and the preachers—John Willock, Paul Methven, John Christison, and William Harlan—were proclaimed outlaws by the laws of the realm, and such men as John Erskine, who was Christison's bail, and other lairds who had given security for the appearance of the several preachers, were heavily fined.

Then, John Knox took the pulpit. If Scotland were an enraged lioness, he was her true son. The day that the news was

brought from Stirling to Perth he preached a sermon in the Parish Church at the latter place more momentous by reason of what followed than any other he had ever delivered.

The church was crowded with an animated multitude, and the speaker was himself under a tense strain of excitement, tingling in every nerve with the recollection of the latest and crowning outrage to the Faith, dearer to him than life, and the wrongs inflicted upon his brethren in the Faith. More than one authority insists that he bade his hearers "pull down the nests that the rooks might not build again." Others are silent on this point, or deny that he used the words. It is pretty certain that the major part of the congregation had dispersed decorously when a priest, provoked to the insane folly by what had been said, or to show his contempt for the fulminations of a heretic ranter, uncovered the altar-piece and the figures about the altar and chancel, and began the celebration of the Mass in the very place Knox had just vacated. A boy, loitering near the chancel, called out jeeringly to the priest, who struck him in the face.

What succeeded the double act of imprudence would happen in like circumstances in any Catholic or Protestant church in the nineteenth century. A mad roar arose from the spectators, whose progress to the doors had been arrested by the priest's movements. Peaceable worshippers were transformed into a mob that launched itself upon the altar and decorations of the church, and in half-an-hour left the bare walls and empty house while the tide poured along the streets toward other ecclesiastical property. For two days the tumult raged, and at the end of that time every church and every convent in Leith and Edinburgh were sacked and despoiled. Not a laird, or respectable tradesman, or decent farmer, had any share in the miserable affair. All was the work of "the rascal multitude," as Knox did not scruple to call them. But the outbreak was the torch applied to inflammable materials which were the accumulation of years.

Events, big with importance, rushed upon one another. The Queen resented the Perth outrages hotly, and was quick to lay hold of them to the advantage of her party. Representing the local outbreak as

a concerted rebellion, she called upon Scottish Roman Catholics, upon her French allies, and upon the defenders of the Mother Church everywhere, to aid her in quelling sedition and punishing sacrilege. The Protestants—having tried without success to convince her that they disclaimed all responsibility for the riots, and were the Queen's dutiful subjects, seeking only liberty to serve their God according to the dictates of conscience—prepared to defend Perth from the army with which the Queen-Regent was advancing to attack it.

Upon her approach, she found the place so well garrisoned that she proposed an armistice, which was granted. A month was consumed in consultations that were vexatious, tedious, and, for the most part, futile.

McCrie lays to my hand the best abstract that could be offered of the crystallisation of the resolutions and conclusions of the Reformers, represented by the Lords of the Congregation, after the ordeal of those thirty days. It was evident to the dullest as to the most optimistic among them, that the Regent had played them false from first to last. The news Knox had brought from

the Continent was proof of her systematic design to put down the Reformation, and the French forces now with her added weight to the alarming story.

"It behooved them, now, either to submit to have their chains riveted, or, by a bold and vigorous effort, to shake them off altogether. They determined upon the latter. The scandalous lives of the established clergy; their total neglect of the religious instruction of the people, and their profanation of religious worship by gross idolatry, were the most glaring abuses. The Lords of the Congregation resolved to take immediate steps for removing these by abolishing the popish service and setting up the Reformed worship in all those places to which their authority, or influence, extended, and in which the greater part of the inhabitants were friendly to the design.

"This step was justified, in part, by the feudal ideas respecting the jurisdiction of the nobility, which at that time prevailed in Scotland. The urgent and extreme necessity of the case, however, forms its best vindication. A great part of the nation loudly demanded such a reformation, and, had not regular measures been adopted for its introduction, the popular indignation would have effected the work in a more exceptionable way."

Knox, who, by universal consent, if informally, was recognised as the leader in the momentous movement, was requested to make known the principles and the de-

termination of the Reformed "Band" at St. Andrews, and the 9th of June was set for this declaration. On the way to keep the appointment Knox preached "with power" in Anstruther and in Crail, and joined his friends, the Earl of Argyle and Lord James Stuart, the Prior of St. Andrews, at the time fixed.

The Archbishop of St. Andrews was ready to bar the outlawed rebel from his Cathedral with an armed force, and served notice upon the Lords that Knox would be fired upon should he show himself in the pulpit. If not actually intimidated by the threat, and the thought that the Regent's forces were within a few miles of the town, the little company of lairds and nobles, uncertain of the sentiments of the townspeople, advised their champion to withdraw quietly from an enterprise that might lose him his life and retard the progress of the cause he advocated.

The rock upon which Cathedral and Castle were built was not more unyielding than the Man nerved by the belief that the Hour for action had come. A thousand memories of what the Past had brought to him in that place stimulated him more than

the presence of a thousand armed guards could have done. Here he had preached the pure Gospel and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time in obedience to the "call" of which John Rough was the mouthpiece. From St. Andrews he had been carried into a captivity that had left traces for life upon his health, and the scars of deeper suffering upon heart and soul. The sight of the steeple of St. Andrews had sent a bound of new life and holy exaltation into the spirit of the almost dying man prostrate upon the deck of the galley. He had said then, "I shall not depart this life, 'till that my tongue shall glorify His godly name in that place." With the glow of divine inspiration upon his face, and the thrill of a great and confident hope in his voice, he spoke to his brethren of these things and of his unalterable resolution to make his own prophecy true.

"As for the fear of danger that may come unto me," he concluded, "let no man be solicitous, for my life is in the custody of Him Whose glory I seek. I desire the hand, nor weapon, of no man to defend me. I only crave audience, which, if it be denied here unto me at this time, I must seek where I may have it."

The pulpit is still preserved as a sacred relic from which, on the 10th of June, 1559, he preached, without molestation, to an immense and deeply attentive congregation, his famous sermon on *"Casting the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple."* On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday his powerful voice was raised fearlessly in the same place. By the 14th of June, "the Provost, the Baillies, and the inhabitants harmoniously agreed to set up the Reformed Worship in the town." By their orders, the Cathedral was stripped of statues and pictures and the neighbouring monasteries were torn down.

Antiquaries, bibliophiles, and art-lovers have exhausted the category of English expletives in condemnation of the vandalism of the early Reformers in the demolition of monastic houses and spoliation of churches. While I have not inclination or space in this volume for full discussion of the subject, I cannot pass it by without a word.

The buildings thus stripped were to be used as houses of worship for the Protestants, who had determined that, henceforward, this should be the established

religion of the realm. They had no use for the adornments they had torn out. Had the case been reversed, and the plainer churches of the Reformers fallen into the hands of Roman Catholics, the changes wrought therein would have been far more radical before the conventicles of the heretics would have been considered fit for the use of the supplanters.

The assertion that the sight and study of fine paintings upon the walls and as altar-pieces in the sanctuaries resorted to by the multitude were, in themselves, a means of elevating the imagination and refining the taste, and so purifying the lives of those who beheld them, is not borne out by facts notorious to the civilised world. Bishops who officiated before the altar-pieces unblushingly sought places of State preferment for their illegitimate sons. The monks who spent days and years in illuminating missals and in carving such exquisite foliations as hold us entranced with surprised delight in the cloisters of Melrose Abbey, were, too often, men of dissolute lives and gross ignorance of the Holy Word they were supposed to study. It was not a matter of idle rumour,

but of familiar truth, that many monasteries were iniquitous habitations in which no respectable layman would consent to live.

The age was lamentably crude. The rude Bordermen of Scotland were as ignorant of the arts as of the sciences. A painted Madonna was to them an "image" that had tempted many a darkened soul to idolatry. A sculptured saint reminded them of Baal and Ashtaroth, and the adoration of the consecrated wafer was an unholy rite which their righteous souls loathed.

The fortunes of war are always and everywhere cruel and unjust. The Reformation was attended by atrocities that would be incredible to the reader of today, were battle and rapine matters of history alone, and the study of war by the peoples of God's world an obsolete branch of national education. It is not invidious to set in a parallel column with the sack of monasteries and cathedrals (*in all of which there is not recorded the loss of one human life*), the martyrdom, by beheading, burning, drowning, and burying alive, of five thousand Netherland Protestants;

the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and minor events of a like nature in France; the uncounted multitude who sealed their Confession of Faith with their blood in England under the reign of Philip and Mary; the confiscation of fortunes, the banishments and burnings borne by the Scots before the goaded lioness broke her chains and sprang upon her tormentors. However beautiful the temples made with hands that suffered in the onslaught upon tyranny and superstition in the years of Our Lord 1559 and 1560, their ruin is not worthy to be taken into account against the violence done to the temples made in the image of God and informed with His Spirit.

With respect to the "vandalism" of the Scottish Reformers, it may also be noted that the accounts of it that have descended to us have been grievously exaggerated. Baillie's *Historical Vindication*, written in 1846, declares: "What you speak of Mr. Knox preaching for the pulling down of churches is like the rest of your liés. I have not heard that, in all our land, above three or four churches were cast down."

Hay-Fleming writes:

"It is known that Knox exerted himself to save the Abbey of Scone from destruction, even after it was discovered that the inmates had buried their images to preserve them. . . . The order for purifying Dunkeld Cathedral, in 1560, has been preserved, and it especially commands that good heed be taken that neither desks, windows, nor doors be any way hurt or broken—either glass-work or iron-work."

Most of the ruined churches and abbeys that challenge our indignant admiration were destroyed by the English before the Reformation began.

Knox had other things to think of than the destruction wrought by the orders of municipal and county authorities.

"The long thirst of my wretched heart is satisfied in abundance that is above my expectation," he wrote on June 23d. "For now forty days and more, hath God used my tongue in my native country to the manifestation of His glory. Whatsoever now shall follow as touching my poor carcass, His Name be praised!

"The thirst of the poor people, as well as of the nobility here is wondrous great, which putteth me in comfort that Christ Jesus shall triumph here in the north, and extreme parts of the earth for a space."

On the 2d of September he registers another instance of the mastery of his dauntless spirit over the physical anguish that was ever gnawing at his strength:

"Notwithstanding the fevers have vexed me, yet I have travelled through the most part of this realm, where (all praise to His Blessed Majesty!) men of all sorts and conditions embrace the truth. Enemies we have many, by reason of the Frenchmen who lately arrived, of whom our Papists hope golden hills. As we be not able to resist, we do nothing but go about Jericho, blowing with trumpets, as God giveth strength, hoping victory of His power alone."

Before the end of September he was made happier yet by the arrival of his wife. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the English Ambassador, had interceded with Elizabeth to secure to Mrs. Knox a safe conduct through England, entreating the offended Sovereign "to overlook the book rashly written against the regimen of women, seeing Knox was in great credit with the Lords of the Congregation, had been the principal instrument in producing the late change in Scotland, and was capable of doing essential service to Her Majesty." Her politic Majesty let the unoffending wife (and her mother) pass through her realm, and they arrived safely in St. Andrews, where Knox awaited them.

About this time he had himself written to Elizabeth, apologising in sincere, but clumsy, fashion for what she had chosen

to construe into a personal insult. He told of his unfeigned sorrow at having incurred her displeasure, and of his admiration of her talents and government, and asked permission to visit England for the purpose of furthering schemes that would, he was sure, be to the advantage of both kingdoms. The letter was enclosed to Cecil, and, it is likely, was kept back by him from the Queen, who would not suffer Knox to be named in her presence when it could be avoided.

"Of all others, Knox's name is most odious here," Cecil warned the English emissaries in Scotland, who were urging the coalition of the two countries against France, and in support of the Reformation, "and, therefore, I wish no mention of him hither."

And at another time: "Surely I like not Knox's audacity. His writings do no good here, and, therefore, I do rather suppress them. Yet"—a sly stroke of diplomacy, in which much meaning was enwrapped—*"I mean not but that they should continue in sending them."*

The year that followed Mrs. Knox's reunion with her husband was gloomy with war-clouds. The Lords of the Congrega-

tion, upon the Queen-Regent's refusal to dismiss the French soldiery with which she held the now fortified port of Leith, had suspended her from the Regency by an order of "The Nobility and Commons of the Protestants of Scotland." Skirmishes, that hardly attained the dignity of battles, ensued, in most of which the Congregational forces got the worst of it. When the hopes of the faithful were at the lowest ebb the Voice, which was "worth more than the bluster of five hundred trumpets," pealed out through the gathering night. Knox alluded to this period, years afterward "in another great crisis of the Evangel," as "that dark and dolorous night, wherein all ye, my Lords, with shame and fear, left this town [Edinburgh]. God forbid that I should ever forget it!"

Driven out of Edinburgh, the little army took refuge in Stirling. The next day they gathered miserably in the cathedral, to be reanimated by an eloquent sermon from Knox, from the text "*Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; Thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it,*" and the six verses following it.

"God hath permitted us to fall into this fearful confusion," he said, "for that we put our trust and confidence in man. . . . It only remains that we turn to the Eternal, our God, who beats down to death, to the intent that He may raise up again, to leave the remembrance of His wondrous deliverance to the praise of His own name. . . . Yea, whatsoever shall become of us and of our mortal carcasses, I doubt not but that this cause, in despite of Satan, shall prevail in the realm of Scotland."

It was reckoned by his party a signal fulfilment of his words that the English Queen and her ministers were aroused by the disaster at Edinburgh to exchange the cautious policy they had hitherto pursued and to send an army into Scotland. Leith was besieged by land and sea, and the dejection of the Regent's forces was aggravated by her death at the Castle of Edinburgh on the 11th of June, 1560. A treaty between France and England, providing for the withdrawal of the French army from Scotland, was signed July 7th, and, on July 19th, the Congregation, Lords, and common people packed the Church of St. Giles to make thanksgiving for the return of peace and the freedom to worship God in their own way. Knox loved neither Mary of Lorraine nor her daughter, and we

may, then, believe his report of the Regent's comment upon the "Band," read in her hearing when she was too ill to leave the Gastle.

The "Lords" in this instrument bound themselves "to set forward the reformation of religion according to God's Word, and procure by all means possible that the truth of God's Word may have free passage within this realm, with due administration of the Sacraments and all things depending upon the said Word."

The eyes, no longer beautiful, but, as another writer describes them, "now glazed, swollen, and death-dimmed," cleared before a gleam of the old fire; she spoke distinctly:

"The malediction of God I give unto them that counselled me to persecute the preachers, and to refuse the petitions of the best part of the true subjects of this realm!"

From Knox we learn, furthermore, that in the hour of death "she did openly confess that 'there was no salvation but in and by the death of Jesus Christ'"—testimony that from his stern lips sounds like *"Requiescat in pace."*



CHAPTER X

DEATH OF KNOX'S WIFE—MRS. BOWES'S "SICK SOUL"—RECEPTION OF QUEEN MARY IN EDINBURGH—HIGH MASS IN HOLYROOD CHAPEL—KNOX'S SERMON IN ST. GILES AGAINST IDOLATRY.

AN able and concise historian (A. Taylor Innes) says, apropos of what preceded and supervened upon the meeting of the First General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, held in Edinburgh, December 20, 1560:

"It was a great work—nothing less than organising a rude nation into a self-governing Church. And there were difficulties and dangers in plenty, some of them unforeseen. The nobles were rapacious, the people were divided, the ministers leaned to dogmatism, the lawyers leaned to Erastianism, the Lowlands were menaced by Episcopacy, the Highlands were emerging from heathenism, and between them both stretched a broad belt of unreformed Popery. . . . Of this

huge National struggle the chief weight lay on the shoulders of Knox, a mere pastor in Edinburgh. And, during the seven years of its continuance, this indomitable man was sustaining another doubtful conflict, in which the issues, not for Scotland only, but for Europe, were so momentous that it must be looked at separately."

As I have said, this is not a history of the Reformation, except as that is bound up in the life of one man. Before going on with our biography, candour requires that attention should be called to the third and last of the Acts regulating the public and private services of religion in Scotland, passed by the Parliament of 1560, and re-enacted in 1567. It provided that no one in the realm should "say Mass, nor yet hear Mass, nor be present thereat," and named as the penalty of the first transgression of the law, confiscation of property and corporal punishment (by branding, flogging, or otherwise); for the second, banishment; for the third, *death.*

Extenuation of such barbarous imitation of the tyranny the nation was striving to throw off is impossible to readers of this generation. The warmest sympathiser with Knox and his coadjutors cannot but blush

in the thought that Christian men, and devout standard-bearers of the Prince of Peace, could have framed what, viewed from whatever standpoint we may choose, looks to us monstrous and inhuman. The one tenable explanation is that the "Acts" were coeval with a code that sent sheep-stealers to the gallows, and, in Protestant England, hanged a woman who stole bread for her starving children. There were no less than forty offences which, in the eyes of the laws of that century, deserved to be punished by death. Says judicial Innes:

"Scotland had taken the wrong legislative turning. The only defence of these statutes (and it is a very inadequate one) is that they could not be fully enforced, and were not. . . . Scotland, in the Reformation time, had little blood-shedding for mere religion on either side to show, compared to the deluge which stained the scaffolds of Continental Europe."

Admitting this, and that much is pardonable in such a state of violent transition as then convulsed the minds of individuals, Parliaments, and General Assemblies, the pregnant fact remains that this Act was the seed of the seven years' harvest of wrongs, retaliations, and national miseries

that made up the story of Mary Stuart's reign.

Upon the very threshold of that era—the most unfortunate, and yet the most romantic, of Scottish history—we turn aside to note an event that is made wonderfully little account of by our Reformer's biographers, yet which draws out our hearts toward him in a measure unwarranted by the meagre details of his domestic affliction.

During the sessions of the First General Assembly of Scotland, there came a day when the place of the Pastor of St. Giles was vacant, and it was mentioned that his wife was dead. If resolutions of condolence were passed by the Supreme Judicatory of the Church, the record has not descended to us. It was not the age or the country for empty civilities. The Duke of Châtelhaut and the Earl of Moray (late Lord James Stuart) had a consultation with Knox about this time on affairs of State, and he registers in his "Works" that they "comforted him, for he was in no small heaviness by reason of the late death of his dearest bedfellow, Marjorie Bowes."

To the same period belong two letters

written in Latin by Calvin, whose own wife, "Idoletta," had died eleven years earlier. One of these epistles is to Knox: "Your bereavement is to me, as it must be, sad and bitter. You possessed a wife the like of whom is not easily found." The second, to Goodman, the friend of both men, says: "While I grieve not a little that our brother Knox has been bereaved of his sweetest [*suavissima*] wife, I, nevertheless, rejoice that he has not been so much afflicted by her death but that he strenuously devotes his labour to Christ and to the Church."

The home in Edinburgh, the society of her husband, the care of her little sons, and the assured income of the pastor's salary must have revived recollections of her tranquil Geneva life in the mind of the gentle Marjorie. She was no idler, nor yet indifferent to the great issues that engaged her husband's best energies. To this period of their united lives belongs an anecdote in which one thrilling scene is photographed as by a flash-light.

Awaking in the dead of night to find that her husband was not with her, she went, in alarm, to look for him in his study.

He was prostrated upon the floor in a strong agony of prayer that had but one utterance :

"O God ! give me Scotland, or I die ! "

As his patient amanuensis, she learned things that drove sleep from her eyelids, or continuous application told sadly upon her nerves. Knox refers casually to this in the winter of 1559–60 :

"The rest of my wife hath been so *unrestful* since her arriving here that scarcely could she tell upon the morrow what she wrote at night."

In his will he bequeaths to his boys "the benediction that your dearest mother left to you, whereto, now as then, I, from my troubled heart, say 'Amen ! '"

The gentlest of shades, Marjorie Bowes Knox shrinks into the background of our picture, cast into insignificance by the tremendous personality of her husband, and the masterful forwardness of her mother. Yet rugged Calvin found her passing sweet, and to Knox she was superlatively dear. Her three years of patient waiting upon her father's will and upon her *fiancé's* fortunes; her unmurmuring endurance of the agonised suspense of the two years' separa-

tion from her newly made husband, an exiled wanderer, penniless and a stranger in a foreign land; and—need we place last in the list the daily living with a mother who was both exacting and morbidly sensitive?—entitle her to a place upon the roll of unconsidered heroines, the crownless martyrs of whom the world is not worthy.

Knox's biographers do not affect to treat the survival of Mrs. Bowes and her continued residence under his roof as mitigations of his bereavement. On the contrary, we are informed that "the dejection to which she was subject, and which he could never completely cure, rather increased than lightened his burden."

We groan in spirit, vicariously, at the fancy of what was sweet Marjorie's hourly cross of hearkening to the recital of Knox's real and mighty fight of afflictions, and the symptoms of her parent's spiritual hypochondria. Knox was not always a patient listener to his brethren, and was wrathfully—sometimes sinfully—intolerant with those he numbered among the transgressors against the form of sound doctrine drafted by himself and his compeers. We have not the entry of one hasty word

spoken or written to that "sick soul," as he charitably calls Mrs. Bowes. His advice to her was always sound, temperate, and kind. His comforting was, one would imagine, well suited to her "case." To the end she wailed of her "leanness" and her "temptations," and refused to be consoled by her physician's assurance that he never ceased to remember her and her sorrows in his prayers. "But although I would cease, and yourself would cease, and all other creatures, yet your dolour continually crieth and returneth not void from the presence of our God."

The more sophisticated pastor of our times readily perceives what filial respect made patient John conceal, if he detected it, namely, that this last-named form of consolation does not appeal to the conscience of the sick soul that "enjoys poor health."

On the 19th of August, 1561, the young Queen of Scotland, and widow of Francis II. of France, returned to her native land after an absence of thirteen years in France. Knox, who, as a Scotchman, had his full share of unreasonable prejudices and, like all other men, was but too ready to ante-

date the birth of these, and the decisions to which they had led him, told, in after-years, what he would have styled "a dolorous tale" of the portents attending the sovereign's triumphal entrance into Leith and Edinburgh :

"The very face of heaven, the time of her arrival, did manifestly speak what comfort was brought into this country with her ; to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impiety ; for in the memory of man, that day of the year [at that season of the year] was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which, two days after, did so continue. For, beside the surface-wet and corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and so dark, that scarce might any man espy one another the length of two butts. The sun was not seen to shine two days before, nor two days after. That fore-warning gave God unto us, but alas ! the most part were blind."

The blindness of the said "most part" —to which the augur took no exception at the time—evinced itself in extravagant demonstrations of joy. Pageants, of a kind that move us to mirth, and by their grotesqueness almost moved the Queen to tears of mortification that spectacles so expressive of the barbarous tastes of her subjects should be exhibited before the elegant Frenchmen who had crossed the sea with

her, were devised for her entertainment. Edinburgh blazed with bonfires the night she took possession of her palace of Holyrood, and she was serenaded far into the small hours by what Knox describes as "a company of the most honest, with instruments of music, and with musicians, who gave their salutations at her chamber window. The melody, as she alleged, liked her weel, and she willed the same to be continued some nichts after."

Those within the place thus assailed have also left stories of the concert.

"There came under her window," says Brantôme, "five or six hundred ragamuffins of the town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little *rebecs*, . . . and accompanied them with singing psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune and concord that nothing could be worse. What a lullaby for the night!"

The Queen took the sensible precaution of exchanging her ground-floor suite for one in an upper storey, and, when the blunt Scots took in good faith her invitation to repeat the concert for "some nichts after," showed herself upon the balcony every morning, and thanked them, with her sweetest smile, for the pleasure they had given her.

"'Is any merry? let him sing psalms,'" quoted one of the four Marys saucily to her royal mistress, upon the second or third repetition of the serenade. "Can this be what the text means?"

"Alas!" said the weary Queen, who had not slept for three nights in consequence of the uproar, "this is no time for mirth. It is with difficulty that I can repress my tears."

She was willing to submit to much inconvenience and even hardship to keep in favour with the Protestants. Her mother had bequeathed to her a list of those whom she had named, with her dying breath, as "the best part of the true subjects of this realm." Mary's crafty uncles had advised her not to offend the Lords of the Congregation, their loyalty being her sheet-anchor in the event of a collision with Elizabeth. They had impressed upon her still more earnestly the high and holy duty of bringing Scotland back to the true fold. Her own stand, as the defender of her faith, must be taken strongly and at once. The delegation of nobles sent to invite her to return to her kingdom—among whom was her brother, the Lord James Stuart, the natural son of

James V.—had promised that she should not be interfered with in the "private exercise of her religion," but had been frank in stating that the public celebration of the Mass had been prohibited by the Acts lately passed. Throckmorton, the English Ambassador, then in France, was equally open with her.

"You have been long out of your own realm," he said, firmly and reasonably. "So, the contrary religion to yours has won the upper hand in the greater part of your realm. Your mother was a woman of great experience, of *deep dissimulation,* and kept that realm in quietness 'till she began to constrain men's consciences. As you think it unmeet to be constrained by your subjects, so it may like you to consider the matter is as intolerable to them to be constrained by you, in matters of conscience, for the duty due to God cannot be given to any other without offence to His majesty."

"God commandeth subjects to obey their princes," rejoined Mary.

"Madam! in those things that be not against His commandments," said Throckmorton, gravely.

Her answer that she had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, and that nobody could respect her if she "should show herself light in this case,"—*i. e.*, be

easily induced to throw it aside—is so pertinent to us who live in an age of universal tolerance, that we are sorry she should have quoted her "uncle, the Lord Cardinal," as authority for her religious convictions. She wins upon our liking yet more by the remark, "I am none of those who will change my religion every year; and, as I told you in the beginning, I mean to constrain none of my subjects, but could wish they were all as I am, and I trust they shall have no support to constrain me."

There was, therefore, some show of reason for the horror and surprise that reversed the currents of popular enthusiasm in Edinburgh when it was announced that High Mass would be said in Holyrood Chapel on the first Sabbath of Mary's residence in her realm. "Until that morning," writes Knox, "there was nothing but mirth and quietness." Another, that the "hearts of the Lords of the Congregation were wonderfully commoved. Patrick, Lord Lyndsay, braced on his armour, and rushing into the close at the head of a party of the Church militant, brandished his sword and shouted, 'The idolater priest shall die the death!'"

Another Scottish noble had already drawn his sword.

"The Lord James (Stuart), the man whom the ungodly did most reverence, undertook to keep the chapel door," and, with the naked blade in his hand, forbade any Scotchman to enter the place while the service was going on. The French priest was so unnerved by the loud voices in the close, and the sense of personal peril, that his voice was almost inaudible, and his hands shook in elevating the Host, or, as one writer put it, "when he had his god at the highest." The service over, two other half-brothers of the Queen, Lord Robert, Commendator of Holyrood, and Lord John, Commendator of Coldingham, both staunch Protestants, escorted the terrified ecclesiastic to his apartment.

We have Knox's own admission that he was deeply distressed at this exhibition of the Queen's religious principles :

> "And so the godly departed with grief of heart, and in the afternoon, repaired to the Abbey in great companies, and gave plain signification that they could not abide that the land, which God had by His power purged from idolatry, should be polluted again."

Still, with the love of fair play never for-

gotten in his moments of intensest unreason, he strove in private "rather to mitigate, yea, to slacken the fervency that God had kindled in others," especially after the Queen had had a proclamation made at the Market Cross, "which she hoped would content all."

In it she charges her lieges

"that none of them take upon hand, privately, or openly, to make any alteration or innovation of the state of Religion, or attempt anything against the form which her Majesty found public and universally standing at her Majesty's arrival in this, her realm, under the pain of death." She further ordered "that none of them take upon hand to molest or trouble any of her domestic servants, or persons whatsomever, come forth of France in her Grace's company at this time, in word, deed, or countenance, for any cause whatsomever, either within her palace, or without, under the said pain of death."

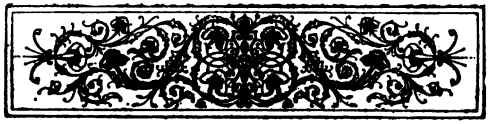
The "commoved" populace quieted down under the smooth words and winsome ways of their beautiful sovereign. There was about her, one rude Scot opined, "some enchantment whereby men were bewitched."

Knox reports of this week's work, that the "Quene's" remark, "It is a sair thing to constraine the conscience!" and the subtle persuasions of her supporters on the

other part, "blinded all men, and put them in the opinion she will be content to hear the preachings, and so, no doubt, but she may be won; and thus of all it was concluded to suffer her for a time."

Further developments "commoved" him to abandon the self-imposed policy of patient waiting. On the next Lord's Day, he preached in St. Giles against Idolatry, and thundered out his famous saying that "One Mass was more fearful to him than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm, of purpose to suppress the whole Religion."

Innes appends a key to this apparently monstrous "exaggeration of intolerance, which is unintelligible until we remember that the 'one Mass' which he was thinking of, was that of the ruler who might soon have the power, and, perhaps, had already the intention, of suppressing Religion."



CHAPTER XI

MARY STUART IN HOLYROOD—KNOX SUMMONED TO THE PALACE—FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN—GROWING DISCONTENT IN CHURCH AND REALM—SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN—"HE IS NOT AFRAID"

THE late Queen-Regent of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine, is quoted as declaring that she "stood more in fear of John Knox's prayers than of an army of ten thousand men." Knox may or may not have had the saying in mind when he brought his mythical ten thousand warriors into the application of his sermon. The Regent's successor in the sovereignty of the realm of Scotland is said to have been of like mind with her mother. While yet in France, she had said, with youthful indiscretion, that "of all men in Scotland, she considered Knox the most dangerous,

and was fully determined to use all the means in her power to banish him from thence."

The bedroom of Henry Darnley, cousin and husband of Mary Stuart, and for a few brief months King of Scotland, is lighted by a single long window, sunken in a recess four feet in depth. Against one wall of this recess hangs a portrait of Mary, taken at the age of sixteen, soon after her marriage to the Dauphin Francis. It belongs to the flat Dutch school; the shadowless features are pale, and what little expression they have is sad. A dramatic trick of the custodian of the apartments is to draw the visitor back from the study of the portrait into the room and bid him "Look!" The least impressible imagination is sensible of a shock and a shiver as one sees in the glass protecting the face of the young princess the distinct reflection of the dark, bearded face of John Knox, who seems to be looking sternly over Mary's shoulder. His portrait hangs upon the opposite wall of the recess. The angles of incidence and of reflection do the rest. The coincidence may have been the result of an accidental disposition

of the portraits in the first place. The effect is too sensational not to be perpetuated.

Upon the floor above Darnley's apartments—and connected with them by the narrow, winding stair used by the conspirators upon the night of Rizzio's murder—are the private rooms of the Queen. The audience-chamber is spacious; the ceiling is richly panelled and decorated with fleurs-de-lys. Within a few days after Mary entered Holyrood, the place as she found it was transformed into some similitude of the luxury to which she had been accustomed from her babyhood. The unsanitary floor-coverings of rushes were removed, the stones they had stained were hidden by rich carpets, cloth-of-gold tapestry was on the walls. Marble tables, gilded and satin furniture, clocks in gold and silver frames, chess-tables, cabinets inlaid with rare woods, and Venetian mirrors in frames of filigree silver; swinging lamps of various designs in bronze and silver, and beds, the inventory of which makes us hold our breath in wonder, were so novel and amazing to the untravelled Scots as to encourage the creeping suspi-

cion that her "bewitchments" had an unholy origin.

The audience-chamber, as we see it to-day, is disfigured by what we are asked to believe is one of the numerous beds in which Charles I. slept during his visits to Scotland, and sundry pieces of antique furniture stand stiffly against the wainscot. The most interesting bit of plenishing in the room is a clumsy grate, bent and rusty, standing at the left of the more modern construction occupying the back of the chimney. The primitive disused grate is the first ever set up in Scotland, and was imported by James V., Mary Stuart's father. We have read that the last week of August, 1561, was wet and foggy. Tradition adds that a peat-fire glowed in the big grate, and that Mary sat near it in an easy-chair, while she gave audience to the "most dangerous man" in her realm.

"Her harp and lute, decorated with gold and gems, her pictures and pictorial embroidery, her globes, celestial and terrestrial, her maps and charts, her richly bound and illuminated vellum MSS. and tomes of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish poetry and romance, history and chronicles, her books of science,—all bearing witness to her erudition, the elegance of her taste, and the variety of her accomplishments,"—

were in this her privy chamber, and in the tiny cabinet separated from it by the intervening bedroom. However gloomy the fancies of the transplanted Queen, in this the first month of her residence in the ungenial northern land, she could have had no prevision of the horrors to be enacted within less than four years, when her shrieking secretary would be torn from his hold upon her skirts, dragged through bedroom and audience-chamber, and done to his death at the head of the palace stairs.

She was now but nineteen years of age, and, confessedly, the loveliest princess in Europe. To singular beauty of feature and figure, she joined inimitable fascination of manner and a voice so melodious and cunningly modulated that the cadences caressed the ears on which they fell. She, and the two Marys who stood at the far end of the apartment, were in half-mourning for her husband, the deceased King of France, and her taste in dress was always exquisite. At the back of her chair stood her half-brother, "the Lord James," up to now her favourite among the three illegitimate sons of her father whom she had placed about her person. The same tradition stations



BED OF CHARLES I. IN QUEEN MARY'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER, HOLYROOD

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Knox, the plainly habited pastor of St. Giles, in the great embrasured window at the Queen's right. Looking beyond him, she saw Arthur's Seat, like a couchant lion, dark against the horizon.

She had summoned the preacher with authority on Tuesday, August 26th, to answer for his audacious utterances in the pulpit on the previous Sunday, utterances which several leading Lords of the Congregation—it is said the Lord James among them—had pronounced to be "beside his text, and a very untimely admonition." Mary plied him with no courtly blandishments in this initial interview. "She seemed to have expected to awe him into submission, if not to confound him by her arguments," writes one biographer.

Without preamble she launched a triple-headed shaft:

He had written *The Monstrous Regiment of Women.*

He had incited the populace to blood-sedition while in England.

He practised the black art of magic.

We quote in full Knox's reply to the first charge:

"Touching the book which seemeth so highly to

offend your Majesty, it is most certain that I wrote it, and am content that all the learnèd of the world judge of it. I hear that one Englishman hath written against it, but I have not read him. If he have sufficiently impugned my reasons, and established his contrary proposition with as evident testimonies as I have done mine, I shall not be obstinate, but shall confess my error and ignorance. But to this hour I have thought, and yet think myself, alone, to be more able to sustain the things affirmed in that, my work, than any ten in Europe shall be able to confute."

This was in reference to her threat that she "would cause the most learnèd in Europe to confute" his arguments. He told her, furthermore, that his book "was written most especially against that wicked Jezebel of England"—Mary Tudor.

In reply to the second indictment, he challenged any one who had known of his evangelistic work in England, to prove that it was anything but pacific and free from bloodshed.

Denying quietly and emphatically the accusation of practising sorcery, he said that he could more easily bear it when he recollected that complicity with Beelzebub was one of the charges brought against his Master, Jesus Christ.

"You have taught the people to receive another re-

ligion than their Princes can allow," said Mary. "How can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their Princes?"

"Madam! as right religion took neither original nor authority from worldly Princes, but from the Eternal God, alone, so are not subjects bound to frame their religion according to the appetites of their Princes."

"You think, then, that I have no just authority?" was the abrupt query put to him.

He explained, doubtless at tedious length, to the irritated listener, how, in all ages, wise and prudent men had borne patiently with governments the imperfections of which they could not mend.

She pushed him beyond the safe bounds of generalities.

"Do you think that subjects, having power, may resist their Princes?"

"If Princes exceed their bounds, Madam, no doubt they may be resisted, even by power. . . . A father may be struck with a frenzy in which he would slay his children. Now, Madam, if the children rise, join together, apprehend the father, take the sword from him, bind his hands and keep him in prison, till the frenzy be over, think you that the children do any wrong? Even so, it is with Princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy. Therefore, to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison, till they be brought to a more

sober mind, is no disobedience against Princes, but just obedience, because it agreeth with the will of God."

For a full quarter-hour, the silence that followed the daring speech was unbroken. Mary sat "as it were amazed, and in a silent stupor." The Lord James leaned over her chair and asked softly what had troubled her. She returned answer neither to him nor to Knox, until she burst out with :

"Then, I perceive that my subjects shall obey *you*, and not me !"

Knox's reply was fervent :

"God forbid that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or to set subjects at liberty to do whatever pleases them ! My travail is that both Princes and subjects may obey God. . . . He craves of Kings that they be as foster-fathers to His Church, and commands Queens to be nurses to His people."

"But you are not the Church that I will nourish," said Mary. "I will defend the Kirk of Rome, for I think it is the true Kirk of God."

"Your *will*, Madam, is no reason ; neither doth your thought make that Roman harlot to be the true and immaculate Spouse of Jesus Christ."

Both had broken the buttons from their foils. The rest of the dialogue, which lasted until dinner was announced, was spent in spirited, but not heated, discussion

of the claims of the Kirk of Rome to supremacy above the sects that sought the overthrow of that oldest of churches. Mary frankly owned her inability to confute the dangerous man's arguments, but boasted that "if she had those present whom she had heard they would answer him."

"Would to God, Madam," said Knox, "that the learnedest Papist in Europe, and he whom you would best believe, were present with your Grace to sustain the argument, and that you would wait patiently to hear the matter reasoned to the end. Then you would hear the vanity of the Papistical religion, and how little ground it hath in the Word of God."

"You may, perchance, get that sooner than you expect," said the Queen, pointedly.

Knox was unmoved.

"Assuredly, if ever I get that in my life, I get it sooner than I believe. The ignorant Papist cannot patiently reason, and the learnèd and crafty Papist will never come in your audience, Madam, to have the ground of their religion searched out. When you shall let me see the contrary, I shall grant myself to have been deceived on that point."

With his parting bow (not an elegant salutation, we may imagine) he, nevertheless, said a graceful thing :

"I pray, Madam, that you may be as blessed within the Commonwealth of Scotland, as ever Deborah was in the Commonwealth of Israel!"

A more finished specimen of the *amende honorable* was never put into words as fit and few. The epigram should have atoned to the listener, if she were a Bible scholar, for all that she considered personally abusive in the "Blast." In bracketing his sovereign with the victorious Mother in Israel, he made an exception in her favour against everything that he had said in objurgation of the Monstrous Regimen of her sister-monarchs.

What impression the remark left upon Mary we do not know. Whether she were urbane or haughty, Knox carried from the audience-chamber an impression which was not reversed by concurrent or subsequent events.

"If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and His truth, my judgment faileth me," is the verdict under his own hand.

To English Cecil he wrote:

"The Queen neither is, nor shall be, of our opinion, and in very deed, *her whole proceedings do declare that*

the Cardinal's lessons are so deeply printed in her heart that the substance and the quality are like to perish together. I would be glad to be deceived, but I fear I shall not. In communication with her, I espied such craft as I have not found in any age [that is, in another person of any age]. Since when hath the Court been dead to me, and I to it."

The italicised clause shows how readily the astute observer, whose head was in no-wise turned by the magnificence of the audience-chamber and the charms of the sovereign, had detected the mainspring of Mary's talk and determinate policy. It was patent to him under whose instructions she was acting, and how ineffaceable was the stamp of thirteen years' tutelage at the hands of the craftiest ecclesiastic alive.

A private letter from the English Ambassador tells what Knox had the courtesy not to mention, and gives a dry intimation of what others about the young Queen were soon to discover:

"Knox knocked so hastily upon her heart that he made her to weep (*as well you know, there be some of that sex that will do that as well for anger as for grief,* though in this the Lord James will disagree with me).

"He concluded so in the end with her that he hath liberty to speak his conscience, and to give unto her

such reverence as becometh the ministers of God unto the superior powers."

Knox's belief that he was dead to the Court, and it to him, was unfounded. The winter of 1561–62 was full of strifes. The Queen's opposition to the General Assembly of the Church in Scotland caused great trembling of hearts and shaking of knees among those who, as Knox sarcastically observed, "delighted to swim between two waters." He stood fast, sometimes fiercely, by his proposition: "Take from us the liberties of assemblies, and take from us the Gospel."

He scouted disdainfully the notion that the Book of Discipline should be submitted to the Queen for revision and ratification.

Randolph, Elizabeth's Ambassador and Cecil's regular correspondent, wrote under date of October 24, 1561 :

"Mr. Knox cannot be otherwise persuaded but that many men are deceived in this woman. He feareth yet that *posteriora erunt pejora primis.* His severity keepeth us in marvellous order. I commend better the success of his doings and preachings than the manner thereof, tho' I acknowledge his doctrine to be sound. His prayer is daily for her, that God will turn her obstinate heart, or, if the Holy Will be otherwise,

to strengthen the hearts and hands of His chosen and elect stoutly to withstand the rage of all tyrants."

A bitterer root of controversy was the resolution of the Privy Council—moved thereunto, as was supposed, by the Queen's blandishments—that the tithes levied for the support of the Established Church, as well as all sums accruing from the sale of abbey-lands, the advowsons of livings, etc., should be divided between the ejected Roman Catholic priests and the working Protestant ministers, in the proportion of two thirds for the former, and that one third be given, as Knox expressed it, "to the servants of Christ that painfully preach His Evangel."

"Has the Queen better right to that which she usurps, be it in giving it to others, or in taking it to herself, than such as crucified Christ had to divide His garments among them? . . . Let the Papists, who have the two parts and some that have gotten abbacies and feulands, thank the Queen. The poor preachers will not yet flatter her for feeding their bellies!"

These were words that might well be "judged proud and intolerable," as he says they were, "and engendered no small displeasure to the speaker." But when we read further, that the officers appointed to

"modify"—*i. e.*, adjust—the stipends were creatures of Queen and Court, and "so circumspect that the ministers should not be over-wanton, that a hundred merks [a merk equalling in value an English shilling or an American "quarter"] was sufficient to a single man, being a common minister, and three hundred merks was the highest appointed to any, except the superintendent and a few others," our hearts burn within us in sympathy with honest John's wrath. His own income was quite sufficient for his modest wants and the comfortable support of his family. The City Council paid him, over and above his "house-rent and board," the sum of two hundred pounds annually, and would have done more had he allowed it. His opposition to the unjust apportionment was upon general principles, and through unselfish concern for his poorer brethren.

The immediate cause of his second summons to the Queen's audience-chamber was a sermon preached in St. Giles's the Sunday after a royal ball at Holyrood following hard upon the receipt of the news of the Massacre of Vassy. An armed force led by the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal

of Lorraine had attacked a Protestant congregation assembled on the Lord's Day for worship, killed many, "and wounded and mutilated many more, not excepting women and children."

"Intelligence of the success that attended the measures of her uncles was brought to Queen Mary, who immediately gave a splendid ball to her foreign servants," is one story. Another would lead us to believe that the gossip of Court hangers-on and townspeople exaggerated the gaiety and misrepresented the occasion of the festivities to the preacher of St. Giles's. Here is his own account of what was brought to him :

"The Queen returned to Edinburgh, and then began dancing to grow hot, for her friends began to triumph in France. The certainty thereof came to the ears of John Knox, for *there were some that showed to him from time to time the estate of things,* and, amongst others, he was assured that the Queen had danced excessively until after midnight because that she had received letters that persecution was begun again in France, and that her uncles were beginning to stir their tails."

Randolph, who heard the sermon preached while the speaker was quivering with grief for the fate of the French

Protestants, and with anger at the venomous "stir" aforesaid, described it as "inveighing sore against the Queen's dancing, and little exercise of herself in virtue and godliness."

The subject of the discourse was announced as *"Taking pleasure for the displeasure of God's people."* It was probably preached in May, 1562. The reports of it were carried so promptly to the Palace that Knox's second audience of the Queen was held on Monday.

To the accusation that he had spoken disrespectfully of her, and in a way that might incite treason and rebellion, literal John, whose sense of humour was never at hand when it might have been of service, answered earnestly that a garbled account of the sermon had been brought to her. To disprove the "false reports of her flatterers," he then and there preached the whole discourse over to her, word for word, "as exactly as he could." As it was part of his defence, the Queen had to listen through introduction, heads, and application. The accuracy of Knox's repetition was attested by several present who had heard him on Sunday.

The Queen magnanimously admitted that she had been misinformed, but requested that he would refrain from comment upon her actions in public thereafter. If anything she said or did displeased him, why not come to the Court and tell her in private? Knox rejoined by an invitation to her to "attend the public sermons," and judge him for herself. Or, he would gladly repeat these at her Majesty's pleasure at any time she might appoint! But the part of hanger-on at the door of her audience-chamber, and of whisperer-in-particular of what was said of her outside, was opposed alike to his conscience and the dignity of his profession. Even now, he could not say what "other men" were saying of him because he was "absent from his book [his study], and waiting at the Court."

The intended pleasantry was not well received.

"You will not always be at your book!" said the Queen, snappishly, and turned her back upon him, with, we may also guess, the French shrug that ices the "cold shoulder."

The lookers-on were stunned by the

marked repulse, and eyed in wondering disfavour the man so ignominiously dismissed. In quitting the room he overheard the whisper of an astonished Roman Catholic courtier near the door :

" He is not afraid ! "

Knox turned upon him "a reasonably merry countenance."

" Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman affray me? I have looked in the faces of many angry *men,* and yet have not been affrayed above measure."



CHAPTER XII

KNOX SUMMONED TO LOCHLEVEN—AUDIENCES WITH THE QUEEN—FLATTERING PROMISES—QUARREL WITH EARL OF MORAY—THE LION OF ST. GILES—PEREMPTORY SUMMONS TO COURT.

IN the month of May, 1563, Knox was ordered by the Queen to wait upon her at Lochleven, where she was spending a few days in hawking and other amusements.

The year which had elapsed since their second interview had been full of event and trial for the Reformer. He had married the Lord James Stuart (created Earl of Moray in 1562) in St. Giles Church, and prolonged the ceremony by an impromptu admonition to the bridegroom upon the necessity that one to whom the Reformed Church owed so much should continue steadfast in the faith, lest his lukewarm-

ness be ascribed to the influence of his spouse.

John Craig—having proved his fidelity and zeal for the true religion in many persecutions—was appointed Knox's colleague in a pastorate too onerous for one man. The Cathedral of St. Giles held three thousand people every Sunday, and was the only place of public worship in Edinburgh. The strong single arm of Knox had kept the South of Scotland from joining in the insane rebellions of Huntley, which Moray's active measures put down in the North. The Queen disavowed all knowledge of Huntley's design to remove her from her Protestant counsellors by getting possession of her person, but it was quoted against her that she had expressed the hope that "before the year was out she would restore the Mass and Catholic profession through the whole kingdom."

Rumours were already rife of her restiveness under the dictation of her brother, the Earl of Moray, dissatisfaction that was to develop into open hostility before long. Upon this head Knox had suspicions which he expressed to some of his friends :

"Whether there was any secret paction and confederacy betwixt the Papists in the South, and the Earl of Huntley and his Papists in the North; or, to speak more plainly, betwixt the Queen herself and Huntley, we cannot certainly say. But the suspicions were wondrous vehement that there was no good will borne to the Earl of Moray, nor yet to such as depended upon him at that time."

Besides the perplexities in the State in which he was called upon to take active part, he was challenged to public defence of the Reformed Religion by Kennedy, Abbot of Crossragnel, and, after tantalising and needless preliminaries, met his opponent in the house of the Provost of Maybole, at eight o'clock in the morning of the 28th of September, and argued all day "in the presence of as many people as the house would hold." Melchizedec's bread and wine were the staple of the Abbot's talk on the second day. On the third, the prelate was "indisposed," and "by this time, the noblemen and gentlemen present were completely wearied out." The company adjourned *sine die,* and the controversy was never resumed.

Still more unpleasant was the duty imposed upon Knox by the General Assembly, early in the year 1563, of investigating

charges of shocking immorality made against his former friend and brother-minister, Paul Methven. The charges were substantiated; Methven was found guilty and excommunicated.

The next trouble was the public lawless celebration of Mass in many parts of the kingdom. The Privy Council, with the ostensible approval of the Queen, had issued proclamations forbidding this under penalty of the law, none of which produced the least apparent effect. On the last day of January, she had written secretly to Pius IV., protesting her unalterable devotion to her Church, and her willingness to lay down her life, if need were, to bring Scotland back to the True Faith. It was more than surmised that she had given—as secretly — promises of protection to the priests who defied the Act prohibiting the public celebration of Mass. When, at length, some of the offenders were arrested and threatened with trial and punishment, the Queen sent for the "most dangerous" —now the most influential—man in the realm to wait upon her at Lochleven, and appealed to him in behalf of the delinquents.

For two hours before supper she argued

with him upon the manifest propriety of religious toleration. Magistrates "ought not to put hands to punish any man for the using of themselves in their religion as pleased them." Knox's line of defence was simple, and, in the recollection of the rivers of Protestant blood shed in her beloved France, we must own that it was marvellously moderate in tone. The laws of the land must be enforced, he said, and the magistrates who apprehended law-breakers were not to be blamed.

"Will ye allow that they shall take my sword in their hands?" demanded the Queen.

"The sword of justice is God's, Madam," replied Knox, "and is given to princes and rulers for one end, which, if they transgress, sparing the wicked and oppressing the innocent, they who, in the fear of God, execute judgment where God has commanded, offend not God, 'though kings do it not. . . .

"It shall be profitable to your Majesty to consider what is the thing your Grace's subjects look to receive of your Majesty, and what it is that you ought to do unto them by mutual contract. They are bound to obey you, and that not but in God. You are bound to keep laws to them. You crave of them service. They crave of you protection and defence against wicked doers. Now, Madam, if you shall deny your duty unto them (which especially craves that you punish malefactors), think you to receive full obedience of them? I fear, Madam, you shall *not*."

"The Queen, somewhat offended, passed to her supper," and Knox naturally concluded that he was dismissed. She supped with her brother, the Earl of Moray, who advised her to reopen the negotiation on the next morning in a different tone. Accordingly, Knox's preparations for the return journey to Edinburgh were arrested at sunrise by a requisition from the Queen to meet her at the hawking-grounds in a secluded glen in the neighbourhood of Kinross. The trysting-place was beautiful, and the Queen, in her becoming riding-gown, wore a face as fair and sweet as the morning. For the first time, she unbent most graciously to the rude theologian. There were certain personal matters concerning which she wished to consult him confidentially. Lord Ruthven, through the influence of Lethington, her Secretary of State, had been appointed a member of her Privy Council, and had offered her a ring which she suspected was bewitched. She could not bear the man, and knew that he practised the black art. What would Knox advise her to do in the circumstances?

"I understand," she went on to say, "that you are appointed to go to Dumfries

for the election of a Superintendent to be established in these countries?"

"I am, Madam."

She was seriously uneasy lest one of the nominees for the office, Alexander Gordon, —brother of the late Earl of Huntley, slain in the rebellion of 1562, and bearing half-a-dozen ecclesiastical titles, one of them being "titular Archbishop of Athens,"— might be elected. If Mr. Knox knew him as well as she did he would not be promoted to any office within his Kirk.

After a little more parleying in a most amicable spirit, Knox's movement to take his leave was arrested by gesture and entreaty full of engaging candour.

"I have one of the greatest matters that have touched me since I came into this realm to open to you, and I *must* have your help in it."

With enchanting frankness and touching confidence in him, as the one person who could aid and comfort her in her sorrow, she proceeded to reveal a family scandal. Her illegitimate sister, the Countess of Argyle (who, it will be remembered, was to be one of the little supper-party on the night of Rizzio's murder), was es-

tranged from her husband. Both were Knox's parishioners, "members of his congregation,—would he not try to reconcile them?"

Knox interrupted the persuasive pleadings to say that he had supposed that matter to be settled, and was surprised to hear of it now. Lady Argyle had "herself promised, before her friends, that she should never complain to creature till that I should first understand the controversy by her own mouth, or else by an assured messenger. I now have heard nothing of her part, and, therefore, think there is nothing but concord."

There is reason to think that Mary had good cause for not reposing the trust in her sister's promise that was expressed by the honest pastor. He may have heard again, and directly from Lady Argyle after his visit to Lochleven, for he wrote to her lord a few days later to say that the nobleman's behaviour toward his wife was "very offensive to the godly, and her complaint of him grievous."

However this might have been, the Queen let the subject go by with the gentle entreaty—"Do this much for my

sake, as once again to put them at unity, and if she behave not herself as she ought to do, she shall find no favour of me. But in any wise, let not my Lord [Argyle] know that I have requested you in this matter."

It is quite probable that the remonstrance to Lord Argyle, containing no reference to his sister-in-law's interference in his family quarrels, was in part the fulfilment of Knox's promise to meet her Majesty's wishes in this delicate affair. The utmost stretch of his non-elastic imagination could not include the smiling sovereign among the "godly" whom the Earl's behaviour to his wife caused to stumble.

Finally, the Queen brought forward with easy grace the leading theme of last night's discussion. She had been pondering the matter, and had come around to his way of thinking.

"I promise to do as you required. I shall cause to be summoned all offenders. You shall know that I shall minister justice."

"I am assured, then," said Knox, in hearty good faith, "that you shall please God, and enjoy rest and tranquillity within

your realm, which to your Majesty is more profitable than all the Pope's power can be."

A watch, said to have been presented on this occasion to Knox, is now in the possession of a Scottish antiquarian. It is octagon in shape, enclosed in crystal, and has upon the inner brass case the inscription *"N. Forfaiet à Paris."* It is catalogued as having been presented to John Knox *"by Queen Mary, at a time when she was anxious to cajole him into an approbation of her measures."*

She did the work deftly. Knox, as we have seen, wrote a stern reproof to Lord Argyle; he made critical examination into the antecedents of the candidate for the office of Superintendent, and deferred the election; he talked the Congregation into believing that the indictment by the Queen's orders of about fifty offenders under the Acts was proof of a complete change of purpose in her, if not a change of heart. The lull of public distrust all over the kingdom induced many Protestants to stay at home when the first Parliament held since Mary's accession to the throne was convened, and those who attended it did

not deem it expedient to ruffle the prevailing calm by insisting upon the ratification of the Acts of 1560 on the "State of Religion."

Meanwhile, authentic intelligence was received in Scotland that Cardinal Lorraine had reported to the Council of Trent the firm adherence of the Queen of the Scots to the ancient Religion, and her intention to maintain the same in her dominions; also of the negotiations progressing on the Continent to marry Mary to Don Carlos, son and heir of Philip II. of Spain. The knowledge that his whilom friend and Protestant ally, the Earl of Moray, was lending his influence to the Spanish alliance —which Mary fondly hoped would, in time, make her monarch of "Scotland, England, Ireland, Spain, Flanders, Naples, and the Indies"—so wrought upon Knox's heart (and temper) that he wrote a fiery letter to Moray, renouncing his friendship, and "committing him to his own wit and the conducting of those who better pleased him."

The unhappy variance lasted two years, and played admirably into the hands of the Queen and her counsellors. These "failed

not to cast oil into the flame until God did quench it by the water of affliction," says Knox, after the greater troubles of the land belovèd of both men had reunited their hearts and fortunes.

The lion of St. Giles made one mighty effort to awaken the slumbering consciences of the Lords of the Congregation. Upon a memorable Lord's Day, shortly before the dissolution of the negligent Parliament, he preached a sermon that shook all Scotland.

"From the beginning of God's mighty working within this realm, I have been with you in your most desperate temptations," he reminded them. "Ask your consciences, and let them answer you before God, if that I —not I, but God's Spirit by me—in your greatest extremity, willed you not ever to depend upon your God, and in His name promised unto you victory and preservation from your enemies, so that ye would only depend upon His protection, and prefer His glory to your own lives and worldly commodity."

And in clarion tones that reached every one of the two thousand people present, and the hearts of those who had been his associates in the darkest hours of his life:

"In your most extreme dangers I have been with you. St. Johnstone, Cupar Muir, and the Crags of Edinburgh are yet recent in my heart. . . . What was, I say, my exhortation to you, and what has fallen in vain of

all that God ever promised unto you by my mouth, ye yourselves yet live to testify. . . . Shall this be the thankfulness that ye shall render unto your God—to betray His cause when you have it in your hands to establish it as you please?"

As the latest of the evils threatening Church and State, he animadverted upon the proposed matrimonial alliance with Spain:

"And now, my Lords, to put an end to all, I hear of the Queen's marriage. Dukes, brethren to Emperors and Kings, strive all for the best game; but this, my Lords, will I say,—(note the day and bear witness after)—whensoever the nobility of Scotland, professing the Lord Jesus, consent that an infidel (*and all Papists are infidels*) shall be head to your Sovereign, you do so far as in you lieth to banish Christ Jesus from this realm. You bring God's vengeance upon the country, a plague upon yourselves,—and perchance ye shall do small comfort to your Sovereign."

In writing down these passages of the daring discourse, Knox does not shun to tell us that "these words and his manner of speaking were deemed intolerable. Papists and Protestants were both offended. Yea, his most familiars disdained him for that speaking."

McCrie quotes, although not in this connection, an extract from the French author

of an *Apology for the Reformers, for the Reformation, and for the Reformed,* which may temper the criticisms Protestants of a later age are inclined to pass upon Knox's uncompromising opposition to the toleration of the deposed Church in a country it had lately ruled :

"Mary," as our Frenchman reminds his readers, "was brought up in France, accustomed to see Protestants burnt to death, and instructed in the maxims of her uncles, the Guises, who maintained that it was necessary to exterminate, without mercy, the pretended reformed. With these dispositions she arrived in Scotland, which was wholly reformed, with the exception of a few lords. The kingdom received her, acknowledged her as their Queen, and *obeyed her in all things according to the laws of the country.*

"I maintain, that, in the state of men's spirits at that time, if a Huguenot Queen had come to take possession of a Roman Catholic kingdom, with the slender retinue with which Mary went to Scotland, the first thing they would have done would have been to arrest her ; and, if she had persevered in her religion, they would have procured her degradation by the Pope, thrown her into the Inquisition, and burned her as a heretic. There is not an honest man who can deny this."

Dr. McCrie supports this assertion by reference to Henry IV. of France, whose recantation of the faith of the Huguenots was essential to his succession to the throne,

yet "could not efface the indelible stigma of his former heresy, or secure the affections of his Roman Catholic subjects."

After all, the best answer to fierceness of anathemas against others bearing the Christian name, and confessing—in written and spoken word—love and service to God and hope of salvation through the Redeemer who is Lord over all, is found in the words, *"the state of men's spirits at that time."* Human life was cheap; lawmakers knew but one way of enforcing the right—that was by might. If the reader's attention is often solicited to this point, the excuse is that the need of apology, or, at least, of charitable deprecation, is so often manifest in the attempt to tell without prejudice the story of our Representative Man and of his times.

On the very afternoon of the day marked by the delivery of this celebrated sermon, Knox was ordered to appear before the Queen in Holyrood. Lord Ochiltree, whose daughter Knox afterward married, a firm Protestant and the Reformer's constant supporter, accompanied him. "Divers others of the faithful" also went with them, but our old acquaintance, John Erskine of

Dun, was the only person admitted to the inner cabinet, or "closet," known better to us as the "small supping-room." The rest of his party remained in the larger audience-chamber.



CHAPTER XIII

MARY STUART'S ADVISERS — STORMY SCENE WITH KNOX — CIRCULAR LETTER TO CONGREGATION — TRIAL BEFORE QUEEN AND COUNCIL—ACQUITTAL OF KNOX

FROM the hour when, as a baby nine months old, Mary Stuart was held by mailèd hands upon the throne in Stirling Cathedral,—"while the office of consecration was performed by Cardinal Beatoun, who placed the crown on her infant brow, and the sceptre in the tiny hand that could not grasp it, and girded her with the sword of state,"—up to the day of her arrival in Scotland, as ruler of the realm, she had been sedulously drilled in whatever, in the mind of her trainers, would best qualify her for the profession of governing a great people.

Her intellectual attainments were more than respectable; her accomplishments were many and dazzling; she was, although but twenty years of age, a post-graduate in the feminine arts of *finesse* and pleasing dissimulation, and used these with matchless effect when she willed to captivate. History bears out Dr. McCrie in the opinion that the "education she received in France was the very worst that can be conceived for fitting her to rule her country in the present juncture. Of a temper naturally violent, the devotion which she had been accustomed to see paid to her personal charms rendered her extremely impatient of contradiction."

Allowances, many and ample, must, nevertheless, be made for the state of mind with which she awaited the ungrateful plebeian upon whom she had wasted so many fair words, an hour of the hawking season, and a French watch that might have gone to a more amenable tool. Never robust, her health and nerves had suffered sorely from the perpetual turmoil going on about her. Besides the vexed question of Church or Conventicle? her hand and person were gambled for secretly and openly

in nearly every state in Europe. Knox writes of this exciting play: "The marriage of our Queen was in all men's mouths. Some would have Spain; some, the Emperor's brother; some, Lord Robert Dudley; some, Duc de Nemours, and some unhappily guessed at Lord Darnley."

Cardinal Lorraine favoured "the Emperor's brother"—that is, "the Archduke of Austria" (who, by the way, was the son of the reigning Emperor). Elizabeth of England pretended to urge her beautiful rival's marriage with Charles IX. of France, and had already expressed a willingness to surrender her own favourite, Dudley, to her. Mary was inclined to the union with Don Carlos, or so it was believed, as the surest road to her sovereignty of Europe and the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church. Every ambassador at the Scotch Court had had his say, the Earl of Moray a great many and energetic "says"; the Marys flattered and sympathised, the Palace hangers-on babbled and meddled, until the overwrought creature—whom the poorest woman in her kingdom need not have envied on that June Sunday afternoon—was almost beside herself with worry and futile rage.

She broke out upon Knox, "in a vehement fume," the instant she saw him:

"Never was Prince handled as I am! I have borne with you in all your rigorous manner of speaking, both against myself and against my uncles. Yea, I have sought your favour by all possible means. I offered unto you presence and audience whenever it pleased you to admonish me, and yet I cannot be quit of you. I vow to God I shall be once [sometime] revenged!"

A flood of hysterical weeping choked her voice.

Knox was cool enough to note that "Marnock, her secret-chamber boy," handed her one handkerchief after another to dry the tears; the demonstration being perhaps no novelty to the attendants. The preacher waited until the subsidence of the stormy sobs—called by him, in the plain speech of his time, "'owling"—let him be heard, before he observed, "In the preaching-place I must obey Him Who commanded me to speak plain, and to flatter no flesh upon the face of the earth."

He had prefaced the remark by the modest hope that out of the pulpit there were few who had occasion to be offended at him.

"But what have *you* to do with my marriage?" demanded Mary.

He began—so prosily that we cannot blame her for refusing to hear him through—to expatiate upon the duty of the evangelist to make known repentance and faith to such as would listen. Her nobility were too affectionate to be candid with her, and the preacher of righteousness must tell them their duty.

"But what have you to do with my *marriage?*" repeated Mary, as if she had not heard him. And, with growing exasperation—"What are *you* within this commonwealth?"

Knox met the insult with dignity:

"A subject born within the same, Madam. And, albeit I neither be earl, lord, nor baron within it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same. Yea, Madam, to me it appertains, no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it does to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience crave plainness of me, and, therefore, Madam, to yourself I say that which I speak in public place. Whensoever the nobility of this realm shall consent that ye be subject to an *unfaithful* ["unfaithful" to the Reformed religion] husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish His truth from them, and to

betray the freedom of this realm, and, perchance, shall in the end, do small comfort to yourself."

A fresh burst of tears made him pause—tears which flowed, as John freely comments, "in greater abundance than the matter required."

"John Erskine of Dun, a man of meek and gentle spirit, stood beside her, and entreated what he could to mitigate her anger, and gave unto her many pleasing words of her beauty, of her excellence, and how all the Princes of Europe would be glad to seek her favour."

Erskine, amiable and distressed, would seem to have added to these awkward efforts to appease his Sovereign a request to his blunt friend to smooth things down somewhat, for when Mary's sobs ceased to fill the small room, the offender addressed her in gentler accents:

"Madam! in God's presence I speak. I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures. Yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your Majesty's weeping. But, seeing that I have offered unto you no just cause to be offended, but have spoken the truth as my vocation craves of me, I must rather sustain, albeit unworthily, your Majesty's tears, rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray my commonwealth through my silence."

Mary had proved herself no mean antagonist in polemics during her first interview with the man she both hated and feared. In the second, she had actually won him to renewed faith in the excellence of her intentions, by consummate address and grace. The third conference was a deplorable failure on her side, begun, continued, and closed in spleenful outbreaks that disgraced her royal lineage and the breeding of a gentlewoman. Without another word, she bade Knox "pass forth of the cabinet."

The scene that ensued in the audience-chamber was too extraordinary, and, as to Knox's part in it, too characteristic, not to be narrated at some length.

The room was half filled with courtiers, noblemen, and private gentlemen, nearly all of whom were members of his congregation and attendants upon his Lord's Day services. News of what had passed in the cabinet had reached them. The Queen's hysterical weeping may have been overheard, or Marnock, the officious, had stolen forth with a whisper of Knox's rudeness and Mary's distress. With one accord, the courtly company sent their

over-zealous pastor to Coventry. Not a creature gave any sign of ever having met or heard of the under-sized man in the black coat, pale, large-eyed, and unremarkable in figure, save for the dark beard, slightly grizzled, that "hung down to his middle."

Having been commanded by the Queen to await her pleasure in the other room, he stood, "as one whom men had never seen (so were all afraid)," he says, until brave, leal Lord Ochiltree approached him and began a low-toned conversation. We may err in the fancy that we detect a dash of natural swagger in the means the preacher took to put himself and others at ease. He had always a soft place in his heart for private gentlewomen, and of such were his most approved and loyal friends. He had, furthermore, enough natural (and masculine) vanity to think that he knew how to commend his talk and society to their taste. Without one atom of humour, he often essayed to be "funny," and succeeded, like many another would-be humourist, by the very completeness of his failure. This is his account—and for the reasons I have given i

is inimitable—of the only attempt at polite small talk of which we have any mention in the whole course of his life:

"And, therefore, began he to force talking of the ladies who were there, sitting in all their gorgeous apparel, which, espied, he merrily [!] said,—'Oh, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But, fie upon that knave! Death will come, whether we will or not! And when *he* has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, *targatting,* pearls, nor precious stones.' *And by such means procured he the company of women.*"

"Mary Beatoun, Mary Seaton,
Mary Livingstone, and Me"

(*alias* Mary Fleming) were of a different grain from the eager-eyed women of the Congregation, and these "merry means" must have been to them as horribly grotesque as the capers of a dancing-bear whose jaws reeked with the remnants of his last gory feast. John's ideas of humour were his own, and made the more peculiar by the naïve complacency of the sentence that ends the remarkable extract. Taken in connection with the contextual

dissertation upon the works and ways of knavish Death, it would force a grin from a dyspeptic Trophonius.

The smile passes from our lips in reading that two months after this interview the death of King Philip's most confidential ambassador checked and betrayed negotiations between Spain, Rome, and Cardinal Lorraine, the aim of which was to give England in dowry to Don Carlos and Mary as a reward for reducing it to the Romish Church, "persuading themselves that in Scotland and England their faction was strong enough to accomplish this."

Furthermore, we read that the fierce watch-dog of St. Giles had so truly scented the danger as to anger Lethington, Mary's Secretary of State, by insisting "that such a marriage was both propounded, and, upon the part of our Queen, accepted."

Knox says that the Queen was anxious to have the opinion of the Lords of Articles as to whether or not "such manner of speaking [as his] deserved not punishment, but she was counselled" [doubtless by her brother, the Earl of Moray] "to desist. And so that storm quieted in appearance, *but never in the heart.*"

He spoke for her, as well as for himself. While affecting to despise his person and character, she gave at least one more public exhibition of her rooted determination to carry out the threat uttered before she set foot in the country where she was a power.

Two hot-headed Protestants had attempted to break up the celebration of the Mass in the Royal Chapel of Holyrood, while the Queen was absent in Stirling. Upon hearing of it she had them indicted "for forethought felony, housebreaking, and invasion of the palace." Knox was requested by the leading members of his Edinburgh parish to write a circular letter to the Lords of the Congregation, asking them to attend the trial, lest the importance attached to the prosecution under the Queen's leading might mask some "hostile attempt upon their religion." The letter was intercepted and made the basis of a summons to the writer to appear before the Privy Council and the Queen, to answer to a charge of treasonable action, or, as it was phrased, "for calling a convocation of the lieges" without the royal permission. The trial was in the Palace of Holyrood.

Here, again, I yield to the temptation of letting the accused, who uses the third person in speaking of himself, describe the scene in part:

"Things thus put in order, the Queen came forth, and with no little worldly pomp was placed in the chair [the canopied throne], having two faithful supports, the Master of Maxwell upon the one tower, and Secretary Lethington on the other tower of the chair. Her pomp lacked one principal point—to wit, womanly gravity, for when she saw John Knox standing at the other end of the table, bareheaded, she first smiled, and, after, gave one *gawf laughter.*"

Miss Strickland says that the Queen "was taken out of her sick-bed to preside at that agitating Council." This may account for laughter as hysterical as the weeping in the cabinet scene. The Council laughed sympathetically and loyally.

"But wot ye whereat I laugh?" she said, falling into the dialect she used effectively in public audiences of her subjects. "Yon mon gart me greet, and grat never tear himself. I will see if I can gar *him* greet!"

She interfered again and again during the prosecution, once to ask the Council, "Heard you ever, my Lords, a more de-

spiteful and treasonable letter?" And, when Lord Ruthven gently reminded her that Knox "almost daily made convocation of the people to hear prayers and sermons," and that could hardly be called treasonable, she bade him "Hold his peace, and let *him* [Knox] answer for himself!"

At a later stage of the proceedings, she turned upon the prisoner with, "What say you to *that?*"

He replied stoutly, but with immovable composure, "Is it lawful for me, Madam, to answer for myself, or shall I be damned before I be heard?"

"Say what you can," she retorted, "for I think you have enough to do."

Thus bidden, he entered upon a defence, the first head of which was broken short by the sneering admonition of a member of the Council:

"You forget yourself! You are not in the pulpit."

Knox's answer is immortal:

"I am in the place where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I speak, impugn it whoso list."

Addressing the Queen again directly, he continued :

"And hereunto, Madam, I add that honest, gentle, and meek natures by appearance, by wicked and corrupt counsellors may be converted, and altered to the direct *contrair.*"

So far, nothing could have been better. The incorruptible Blunderbore had to mar what had gone before by subjoining, "*Example we have of Nero.*"

Mary seems to have lost the latter part of his remark in listening to something her Secretary was whispering to her, for she rejoined :

"Well, you speak fair enough here before my Lords, but the last time I spoke with you secretly, you caused me to weep many salt tears, and said to me stubbornly that you set not by my weeping."

This palpable bid for the indignant compassion of her Council appeared to ingenuous John to call for a full and particular rehearsal from him of what he had thought and said at the cabinet interview, including his comparison of his grief on hearing his sons cry under the rod, and what he felt at sight of "her Grace's regret."

At a word from the Queen, the Secretary again cut the speaker short :

"Mr. Knox, you may return to your house for this night."

"I thank God and your Majesty," answered the accused. And, consistent to the end to the command of conscience, he uttered the last warning he was ever to sound in his Sovereign's ears :

"Madam ! I pray God to purge your heart from Papistry, and to preserve you from the counsel of flatterers. For, how pleasant that they appear to your ear and corrupt affection for the time, experience has taught us to what perplexity they have brought famous princes."

The Council had a stormy session after his departure. The vote was taken twice over amid intense excitement, and sealed the answer hurled by one of the Lords at Lethington, who did not dissemble his rage at the overwhelming majority for acquittal:

"What ! shall the presence of a woman cause us to offend God, and to condemn an innocent man against our consciences ? "

I have not attempted to give even an outline of this famous trial, in which long speeches were made on both sides, and

great ability displayed. Knox's defence so wrought upon the venerable Bishop of Ross, who had, at first, been one of the informers against him, that he voted for his acquittal upon both ballots. The Queen, sick, exhausted, and baffled, so far forgot herself as to call out rudely, as the last vote was in taking :

"Trouble not the child ! I pray you trouble him not ! for he is newly awakened out of his sleep. Why should not the old fool follow the footsteps of those that have passed before him ?"

The Bishop replied coldly, that "her Majesty might easily know that his vote was not influenced by partiality to the person accused."

John Knox's addenda to his account of the trial,—which, we may note, tallies exactly with that given by a less prejudiced contemporary historian,—while not magnanimous, are but natural :

"That night was neither dancing nor fiddling in the Court ; for Madam was disappointed of her purpose, which was to have had John Knox in her will [in her power] by vote of her nobility."



CHAPTER XIV

KNOX'S SECOND MARRIAGE — QUEEN MARY'S MARRIAGE TO HENRY DARNLEY—DARNLEY IN ST. GILES—MURDER OF RIZZIO, AND WHAT FOLLOWED

THERE is sensible relief to the tense nerves of our imagination in turning the next leaf in the life of our Reformer. We are disposed to dally longer than the exigencies of space and the unities of the story justify, over certain absurdities connected with the new epoch, some of which are indicated by the very nature of the case. Others are found in the barefaced libels issued, during his lifetime, by Knox's enemies.

In March, 1564, Elizabeth's representative at the Scottish Court wrote to Cecil in London: "Knox asked in church to be married to Margaret Stewart, the daughter of the Lord Ochiltree."

The buzz that ran through the congregation of St. Gilès at the publication of the banns (we wonder, amusedly, if Knox read them himself, or left that part of the services to his colleague, John Craig) was the more excited by reason of the discrepancy of age and station between the contracting parties. The bridegroom was fifty-eight, the bride is said by his libellers to have been but seventeen. She was, undoubtedly, under twenty. Her father, Lord Ochiltree, had royal blood in his veins, being a lineal descendant of King Robert II. His second son, Knox's brother-in-law, attained unenviable distinction in the reign of Mary Stuart's son, James VI., as Sir James Stewart of Bothwellmuir, afterward Earl of Arran. Lord Ochiltree had been Knox's dear friend for years, and had a high reputation for sweetness of disposition and sterling integrity. "The *good* Laird" was the name by which he was known affectionately among his tenantry and neighbours. Knox describes him as "a man rather born to make peace *than to brag upon the calsey.*" His daughter inherited his amiability, and made a devoted wife to him

whom she wedded, we suspect, in a fervour of hero-worship. After which brief statement of facts we will divert ourselves with two of the tales published before and after the death of one of the principals in the affair.

Nicol Burne, one of Knox's best haters, writes:

"Having laid aside all fear of the pains of hell, and regarding as nothing the honesty of the world, as a bound slave of the devil; being kindled with an unquenchable lust and ambition, he durst be so bold as to enterprise the suit of marriage with the most honourable lady, my Lady Fleming [widowed daughter of the Duke of Châtelhaut], my Lord Duke's eldest daughter, to the end that his seed, being of the royal blood, and guided by their father's spirit, might have aspired to the Crown. And, because he received a refusal, it is notoriously known how he hated the whole house of the Hamiltons.

"And this honest refusal would neither stint his lust nor ambition; but a little after, he did pursue to have alliance with the honourable House of Ochiltree, of the King's Majesty's own blood. Riding there with a great court [cortège] on a trim gelding, not like a prophet, or an old decrepit priest, as he was; but like as he had been of the blood-royal, with his bands of taffeta fastened with golden wings and precious stones; and, as is plainly reported in the country, by sorcery and witchcraft, he did so allure that poor gentlewoman that she could not live without him; which appears

to be of great probability, she being a damsel of noble blood, and he, an old decrepit creature of most base degree, so that such a noble house could not have degenerated so far, except John Knox had interposed the power of his master, the devil, who, as he transfigures himself sometimes as an angel of light, so he caused John Knox to appear one of the most noble and lusty men that could be found in the world."

A Roman Catholic priest further attests :

"The common and constant bruit of the people reported, as writeth Reginaldus (a most competent witness) and others, it chanced not long after the marriage, that she (Knox's wife) lying in her bed, and perceiving a black, ugly, ill-favoured man busily talking with him in the same chamber, was suddenly amazed ; that she took sickness and died ; as she revealed to two of her friends, being ladies, come thither to visit her a little before her decease."

As, after nine years of wedded peace, Knox left "Margaret Stewart his spouse, Martha, Margaret, and Elizabeth Knox, his daughters," co-executrices of his will, and that the said "spouse" outlived him many years, and took unto herself a second husband, the evidence of the reverend father just cited must be received with a handful of the salt of caution.

We could wish that the records of the renewal of ecclesiastical and political

troubles, succeeding the comparative calm of the earlier months of 1564, were as truthless as the farrago just quoted. At a general conference of prominent statesmen and preachers held in June, the wish of the Queen "to restrain the licence of the pulpit" was debated exhaustively. Knox was pitted against Maitland, a prince among the trimmers of the Court.

"The debate," says a Scottish historian, "admirably displays the talents and character of both the disputants; the acuteness of Maitland, embellished with learning, but prone to subtlety; the vigorous understanding of Knox, delighting in bold sentiments, and superior to all fear."

The discussion lasted three days, "and the conference broke up without any determinate resolution being adopted."

With a sick heart, Knox awaited the next meeting of Parliament at the close of the year. Unless something were then and there done to secure the stability of the Reformed Faith, he foresaw a return of the days that had driven hundreds into exile, and stained the soil of his belovèd land with the blood of her noblest children. Parliament had another, and an exciting, matter in hand. The Queen had discarded

all her foreign suitors, and asked the sanction of her Lords to her marriage with her young cousin, Lord Henry Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, and next after Mary in the succession to the throne of England.

We all know what followed with dizzying swiftness: the private marriage between the wilful Queen and the handsome boy, her junior by five years, as weak as he was vicious; his jealousy of the Italian Secretary, David Rizzio, placed near the Queen by her Cardinal uncle, and distrusted by her Protestant nobles; the murder of the favourite in her sight; Mary's quarrel with her brother, Moray; her expressed intention to revenge Rizzio's death, and her return to Edinburgh in triumph, in company with her placated husband, and her chosen counsellor, Bothwell.

Interesting as each of these events is to the student of romantic history, our present business is with their effect upon the man whose destinies were inextricably interwoven with those of the kingdom in which he was born, and the Church for which he was ready to die if he might not serve her by living. In the *Diurnal of Remarkable*

Occurrents in Scotland, 1513–1575, we find this entry:

"*August 19.* The King (Lord Darnley) came to Sanct Geil's Kirk to the preaching, and John Knox preachit; whereat he (Darnley) was crabbit, and causit discharge the said John of his preaching."

"To take from the Lords the pretext of religion," says another authority, "Darnley had gone to hear Knox."

A throne was prepared for him, and he sat in the sight of the immense audience. The text for the day was Isaiah xxvi., 13: "*O Lord our God! other Lords besides Thee have had dominion over us*"; and the preacher's allusions to wicked princes, "who, for the sins of the people, are sent as tyrants and scourges," and his quotation of the passage, "I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them; children are their oppressors, and women rule over them," were applied by the spoiled boy-monarch to himself and his wife. An offence that appears to have been as heinous was that the discourse, being "over an hour longer than the time appointed, aggravated his displeasure, and so commoved him that he would not dine;

and being troubled with great fury, he passed in the afternoon to the hawking."

For the second time, Knox was summoned before the Queen and the Council. He was ill and in bed, but the order admitted of no delay. Lethington, at Darnley's instance, informed Knox that he was not to preach again while their Majesties were in Edinburgh.

"I have spoken nothing but according to the text," was the intrepid reply, but when pushed to expound the matter, he added, as his personal and official conviction, "that since the King had, to pleasure the Queen, gone to Mass, and dishonoured the Lord God, so should God, in His justice, make her an instrument of his, the King's, ruin."

"This speech," observes a narrator, "esteemed too bold at the time, came afterwards to be remembered, and was reckoned among others of his prophetical sayings, which certainly were marvellous."

The Queen—placed in the background, as Darnley liked to have her when he was present—burst into a passion of tears, "and to please her, John Knox must abstain from preaching for a time," his col-



LORD DARNLEY

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league Craig most reluctantly (as we are glad to learn) filling the pulpit of St. Giles.

Before another Sunday a petition was sent to Holyrood from the magistrates and town council, appealing against the sentence, and Knox received a formal declaration from them at the same time that they would "no manner of way consent or grant that his mouth he closed, or be discharged in preaching the true Word."

The King and Queen ended the debate by quitting Edinburgh that week, and, upon their return, judged it prudent to leave things as they were, feigning to let the trifling annoyance slip from their overweighted minds.

It was no trifle to Knox. He took pains to write out his sermon in full for publication, to show, he says, "upon how small occasions great offence is now taken."

Appended to the MS. is a private note that reveals more of personal pain than he was wont to betray :

"The last day of August, 1565, at four of the clock in the afternoon, written indigestly, but yet truly, so far as memory would serve, of those things that in public I spake on Sunday, August 19, for the which I was dis-

charged to preach for a time. Be merciful to Thy flock, O Lord, and at Thy pleasure, put end to my misery!

"JOHN KNOX."

"In the beginning of February, 1566, a messenger arrived from Cardinal Lorraine, with a copy of the Catholic League for extirpating the Protestants, and to urge the propriety of adopting the most rigorous measures against the exiled noblemen [Moray and others, who had opposed Mary's marriage]. Mary scrupled not to set her hand to the League."

So writes McCrie, upon the authority of Keith, Melvil, and Robertson.

These things were not done in a corner. Knox pealed them to the four winds of heaven from the pulpit of St. Giles, and flung the tidings broadcast in a *Treatise of Fasting,* prepared by the order of the General Assembly, now awakening to the evils of their previous supineness. In a *résumé* of the proceedings of the last Council of Trent, he holds up to the Present the fiery torch of a persecuting Past, when, in France alone, "above a hundred thousand men, women, babes, virgins, matrons, and aged fathers suffered, some by sword, some by water, some by fire and other torments."

There is absolutely not one scrap of evi-

dence in support of the calumny circulated at the time, and, at intervals, since, by Knox's enemies and Mary's apologists—that he was privy to the murder of Rizzio. That he, with thousands of other Protestants, regarded the Italian Secretary and musician as Mary's evil genius, and the Cardinal's most efficient tool in the pious work of reclaiming Scotland for the Romish Church, cannot be gainsaid. He may also have thanked God in his heart for the removal of the crafty foreigner. When the uxorious Darnley turned queen's evidence, and gave up the names of his fellow-conspirators, that of the obnoxious preacher was not among them. The utmost that could have been adduced in support of the suspicion that he abetted the very foul manner by which a foul creature was removed from the earth, was the remark of a fellow-minister, twenty-five years after the assassination, that "so far as the slaughter of David Rizzio was the work of God, it was allowed by Mr. Knox, but not otherwise." Nor are we able to trace any added animus growing out of such conjecture on the Queen's part, leading to Knox's withdrawal from Edinburgh when Mary entered

the city proclaiming vengeance upon the murderers of her valued servant. Three days after the night of assassination, Knox penned with "agony of heart" a confession that breathes nothing of the lofty exaltation of an ecclesiastical Brutus in the accomplishment of the stroke that is to free his people.

"*John Knox, with deliberate mind to his God,*" is a caption that awes the least reverent. It is the *De Profundis* of a smitten yet faithful soul, a confession of trust "in the precious blood of Christ, once shed, in Whose perfect obedience I am assured my manifold rebellions are defaced, my grievous sins purged, and my soul made the Tabernacle of Thy Godly Majesty."

This is superscribed: "*Lord Jesus! receive my spirit, and put an end, at Thy good pleasure, to this, my miserable life; for justice and truth are not to be found among the sons of men!*"

It is not, therefore, to clear the Reformer from the long ago refuted slander of complicity in this particular murder, but to modify the popular idea that his was a merciless and even a sanguinary spirit,

that I copy a passage from his address to the Continental oppressors of his brethren:

"God will not use His saints and chosen children to punish you. For with them is always mercy, even 'though God have pronounced a curse and a malediction. But as ye have pronounced wrong and cruel judgment without mercy, so will He punish you by such as in whom there is no mercy."

Dr. McCrie prefixes this extract by the asseveration:

"*I never read or heard of an instance, in the time of our Reformer, of a person being put to death for performing any part of the Roman Catholic worship.* If the reason of this disconformity between their opinion [referring to the famous Three Acts] and their practice be asked, I can only answer—their aversion to blood."

Yet, so obvious was the Queen's hatred of him, that on the seventeenth day of March, 1566, eight days after the Saturday night that witnessed the tragedy in the "small supping-room," John Knox "departed of the Burgh, at two hours of the afternoon, with a great mourning of the godly of religion."

The Queen had "got quit" of her *bête noire*.

His friends were instant and urgent in petitioning for his return, but she would

not hear of it. Furthermore, with all that pressed upon her at the time, she wrote to a nobleman in the west of Scotland, who had opened his doors to the banished man, to turn him out of his house.

Elizabeth, more compliant than when the "Blast" was a new story, granted him a safe-conduct into England, and he paid a long-desired visit to his sons, who had been placed in English schools. Letters from the General Assembly to their brethren in the sister-realm commend him as "a true and faithful minister, in doctrine pure and sincere, in life and conversation in our sight inculpable."

One strong, fervent circular letter came to the Lords of the Congregation during that year. The Queen had reinstated the Archbishop of St. Andrews in his former office, a bold measure that excited the liveliest apprehensions as to her ulterior designs. Knox spoke to the point—as always:

"We are determined never to be subject to the Roman antichrist, nor yet to his usurped tyranny. But when we can do no further to suppress that odious beast, we mind to seal it with our blood to our posterity that the bright knowledge of Jesus Christ hath banished

that Man of Sin and his venomous doctrine from our hearts and consciences."

James VI. of Scotland was born in Edinburgh Castle on the 19th of June, 1566. His father, Darnley, was murdered on the 10th of February in 1567. On the 24th of April of the same year Mary was intercepted with a small company of gentlemen- and ladies-in-waiting, on her way from Stirling to Edinburgh, and carried to the Castle of Dunbar by the Earl of Bothwell. Within the week, she married him. Miss Strickland says she was forced into a detested union. Tytler, also Mary's partisan, considers that she was "swept forward by the current of a blind and infatuated passion."

John Craig, in Knox's absence, read the banns in St. Giles under protest, valiantly accusing Bothwell — who sat facing him as he preached—of adultery, of divorcing his own wife to obtain possession of the Queen's person, and of—what none of his hearers affected to doubt—the murder of Darnley, the late King.

The nobility of the realm rushed to arms to protect the infant King and punish the King's murderer. On Sunday the 15th of

June, just one month after the loathsome union, the two armies faced one another at Carberry. Mary's soldiers lost heart; Bothwell fled away on horseback and was never again seen in the kingdom. The Queen was brought to Edinburgh amid the execrations of the populace, and sent, a prisoner, to Lochleven. Her baby son was crowned on the 26th of July in Stirling, John Knox preaching the sermon, and Scotland settled into something like tranquillity under the government of the Earl of Moray, known to our day as "the Good Regent."



CHAPTER XV

KNOX IN HIS STUDY — MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN — CIVIL WAR—MURDER OF THE GOOD REGENT—KNOX'S BOLDNESS OF SPEECH IN THE PULPIT OF ST. GILES—REFUGE IN THE TOWN OF ST. ANDREWS

FOR almost a year Knox cherished the hope of retiring from public life. His bodily sufferings had increased to a degree that made the duties of his profession cruelly burdensome. Before the appointment of John Craig as his colleague, the minister of St. Giles preached twice on each Lord's Day, and never less than three times during the week. He held weekly meetings of the Kirk Session, and also attended, once a week, what would be known in America, as an "elders' prayer-meeting," always presiding, and taking part "in the exercise on Scripture." From all parts of the kingdom he was sent for to

preach upon special occasions of whatever sort. His work in his study at home consumed all the time he could spare from the exacting public.

In this study—a small room, stuck on, like an afterthought, to the corner of the old house still standing on the High Street of Edinburgh—the little chamber on the wall built for the Prophet—one is shown a knocker, like a ring, attached to the door; also a latch that is a three-storeyed "dummy." Only the initiated knew the trick of using none of the three thumb-pieces, if the visitor wished to enter. Pressure upon a sunken iron plate below raised the latch. In the prophet's retreat there was room but for one guest at a time. The numbers who sought him daily compelled him to make this rule. His chair stands in the same place as when he occupied it and the ingenious dummy excluded all who had not been admitted into the secret of getting at the ear of the oracle. Dame Margaret Stewart would be a faithful warder upon the outer wall while her herolord bent the best powers of his giant intellect to the preparation of sermons that might shake a throne, or establish a nation,

on the next Lord's Day. The one window looks down upon the High Street and Canongate, and, pathetically enough, commands the steep slope up the thoroughfare, with the dome and turrets of St. Giles at the top. The preacher could not lift his head from his desk or book without seeing his church, the field of so many battles, and, little as he dreamed it then, to be the scene of others as fierce.

"If I remember not Jerusalem above my chief joy!"

It is affecting to find the doughty warrior, old before his time, and worn by physical pain, dreaming fondly of a retreat for his last days in the bright, peaceful, genial Protestant town nestled between the snowy head of Mont Blanc and the benignant swell of the Juras, and soothed into quiet by the lap of the lake-waves.

"God comfort that dispersed little flock among whom I lived with quietness of conscience and contentment of heart!" he wrote in one of the moments when he let himself drift into such dreaming;

"and amongst whom I would be content to end my days, if so it might stand with God's good pleasure. For seeing it hath pleased his Majesty [as represented

by Moray], above all men's expectations, to prosper the work for the performing whereof I left that company, I would even as gladly return to them, if they stood in need of my labours, as ever I was glad to be delivered from the rage of mine enemies.

"I can give you no reason that I should so desire, other than that my heart so thirsteth."

Reveries were checked and the fighting-blood set to leaping by the news that the Queen—who, he had not hesitated to maintain publicly, should stand her trial for murder and adultery, instead of being imprisoned—had escaped from Lochleven on the 2d of May, 1568. Calling to her standard "all her faithful lieges to assist her in establishing her rightful authority," in a proclamation addressed "to all and sundry kings, princes, dukes, dominators, and magistrates," and likewise "to all and sundry our lawful and well-advised subjects," she exhausted her wonderful powers of invective in denouncing "James, called Earl Moray, whom we, of a spurious bastard (although named our brother), promoted from a religious monk to Earl and Lord."

Moray met her and a force that far outnumbered his own at Langside, near Glasgow, eleven days after her flight from

Lochleven, and won a victory so decisive that Mary, foreseeing the end, "tint courage and fled in the middle of the battle," riding sixty miles on horseback that day, and on the 16th of May crossing the Solway into England, from which she never returned.

For three years the troubled realm was rent by the horrors of civil war. "There was the father against the son, and brother against brother."

"But, although the Duke of Châtelherault returned from France with a large sum of money contributed by the Popish princes, and came into Scotland in the character of lieutenant of the Queen, the Regent, by his vigilance and his vigorous measures, prevented any insurrection [any general revolt], and preserved the kingdom in obedience to the young King's authority."

In close and significant proximity to this sentence stands an extract from the Diary of "Robert Birrel, Burges of Edinburghe from 1532 to 1605." The date is January 23, 1570.

"The Earl of Moray, the Good Regent, was slain in Linlithgow by James Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh, who shot the said with a gun out at a window, and presently, thereafter, fled out at back, and leaped on a very good horse which the Hamiltons had ready waiting for him, and being followed speedily, after that spur and

wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and struck his horse behind, which caused the horse to leap a very broad ditch, by which means he escaped."

John Hamilton, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, Knox's old and implacable enemy, confessed, years afterwards, when lying under sentence of death for other offences, "his knowledge of the Earl of Moray's death, and that he might have stayed the same if he had pleased." There is no reasonable doubt that Moray fell a victim to political rancour, and not, as is frequently asserted, to personal vengeance.

Except for the temporary alienation between Moray and Knox to which reference was made in a former chapter, their friendship had been long and close. Word of the murder was brought to Knox early on the morning of January 21st, the Regent having breathed his last at midnight in the guard-room just within the entrance-gate of Linlithgow Castle. His dying words were mild reproof to a friend who regretted aloud that Moray had, two years before, pardoned Bothwellhaugh, then convicted of a capital crime:

"Nothing will make me repent of an act of mercy."



REGENT MORAY

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Knox was the prey of a different emotion. Moray had pardoned Bothwellhaugh, with others, "at the request of Mr. Knox," says a Scottish chronicler. "Whereof he (Knox) sore repented, for Bothwellhaugh killed the Regent shortly after."

Three days before Moray's death, and after it was concerted, another Hamilton had asked Knox's intercession for a kinsman accused of "practising against the government." Knox promised to do his best, provided the prisoner, when released, would never work against the Regent. With a well-earned distrust of the Hamiltons, he had promised that he would "discharge himself to [from] them forever, if anything were attempted by any of that surname against the person of that man."

The petition was renewed after the ferment created by Moray's death had subsided somewhat. Knox would not see the petitioner, sending the stern message: "I have not now the Regent to make suit unto for the Hamiltons."

He preached the funeral sermon of his dead friend in the Church of St. Giles on the 14th of February from the words, "*Blessed are the dead which die in the*

Lord," in language that "moved three thousand persons to shed tears for the loss of such a good and godly governor."

A large stained-glass window in St. Giles illustrates the manner of Moray's death, and the scene in the great building on the day of the funeral.

How sorely distraught Knox was at this critical juncture of national affairs is forcibly exemplified in the prayer "used" in St. Giles immediately after the Regent's murder:

". . . In our extreme miseries we called, and Thou, in the multitude of Thy mercies, heard us, and, first, Thou delivered us from the tyranny of merciless strangers, next, from the bondage of idolatry, and, last, from the yoke of that wretched woman, the mother of all mischief, and in her place Thou didst erect her son, and to supply his infancy, Thou didst appoint a Regent endued with such graces as the devil himself cannot accuse, or justly convict him,—this only excepted, that foolish pity did so far prevail in him, concerning execution and punishment which Thou commanded to have been executed upon her, and upon her accomplices, the murderers of her husband. . . . And so to punish our sins and ingratitude, who did not rightly esteem so precious a gift, Thou hast permitted him to fall, to our great grief, into the hands of cruel and traitorous murderers. He is at rest, O Lord! and we are left in extreme misery. Be merciful to us, and suffer not Satan to prevail against Thy little flock within this realm,

neither yet, O Lord, let blood-thirsty men come to the end of their wicked enterprises. . . . Seeing that we are now left as a flock without a pastor in civil policy, and as a ship without a rudder in the midst of the storm, let Thy providence watch, Lord, and defend us in these dangerous days, that the wicked of the world see that, as well without the help of man as with it, Thou art able to rule, maintain and defend the little flock that dependeth upon Thee.

"And, because, O Lord, the shedding of innocent blood has ever been, and is, odious in Thy presence, yea, that it defileth the whole land where it is shed and not punished, we crave of Thee, for Christ, Thy Son's sake, that Thou wilt so try and punish the two treasonable and cruel murders lately committed that the inventors, devisers, authors and maintainers of treasonable cruelty, may be either *thoroughly converted, or confounded.*"

A tenth wave of grief and indignation, leaves a salt and bitter ooze upon the lips that add:

"O Lord! if Thy mercy prevent us not, we cannot escape just condemnation, for that Scotland hath spared, and England hath maintained, the life of that most wicked woman. Oppose Thy power, O Lord, to the pride of that cruel murderer of her own husband. Confound her faction and their subtle enterprises, of what state and condition soever they may be, and let them and the world know that Thou art a God that can *deprehend* the wise in their own wisdom, and the proud in the imagination of their wicked hearts to their everlasting confusion."

This was plain talk. The speaker was nothing if not direct and intense, and he had no reserves from the God he served to the best and the utmost of his ability.

The *élève* of Cardinal Lorraine and daughter-in-law of Catherine de' Medici; the Queen who pledged her royal word at one and the same time to her Protestant subjects that they should not be molested in the exercise of their religion, and to her French uncle and the Council of Trent to leave no means untried to extirpate the Reformed Faith from her kingdom; the widow who made no effort to bring the murderers of her consort to justice, and proclaimed the leader of the infamous band to her people as her "dearest husband" before Darnley had lain three months in his grave; the sister whose creatures, the Hamiltons, with her knowledge and consent, had assassinated the brother whose only crime, so far as she was concerned, was fidelity to his religion, to the Scottish people, and to the nephew whose guardian was bound to keep him from falling into the mother's hands—she who could be and could do all this was a "wicked" and a "wretched woman," in the sight of

Heaven and man. That she was all this —and worse—John Knox was forced by the inexorable logic of events to believe. And his beliefs, right or wrong, struck their roots down to the very bottom of his soul, entwining themselves with his heart-strings.

Grief for his friend, and solicitude for the nation he had compared aptly to a rudderless ship in a storm, brought on what, his secretary, Richard Bannatyne, writes in his diary,

"was a kind of apoplexy called by the physicians, 'resolution,'—[or, as we would put it, determination of blood to the brain.]

"Whereupon a bruit went through Scotland and England that he was become the most deformed creature ever seen; that his face was turned awry to his neck, and that he would never preach or speak again."

The absurd rumours were crushed by his appearance in the pulpit upon several successive Lord's Days, and his energetic denial in public of the allegations of lampoons affixed to the walls of the church, and anonymous letters scattered throughout his parish, charging him with reviling the Queen, refusing to pray for her, and fomenting seditions. The anonymous accus-

ers threatened his life if he persisted in such freedom of speech.

Before defending himself against the indictments, he remarked that if he were a railer, so also were Isaiah, Jeremiah, and other of the Prophets.

"From them have I learned plainly and boldly to call wickedness by its own terms, —a fig, 'a fig,' and a spade, 'a spade.'"

Although by now so feeble that he had to be helped up the pulpit stairs, he preached one more sermon in vindication of his motives and conduct, in which he noticed what was perhaps the final taunt flung at him with regard to his unlucky "Blast." He had written against the Monstrous Regimen of Women, said the anonymous assailant, yet was praying publicly for Queen Elizabeth, and in secret correspondence with her ministers, "seeking her support against his native country."

"I give him a lie in his throat that either dare, or will say that ever I sought support against my native country," he said, the old-time trumpet-tone carrying the words to the very doors.

"What I have been to my country, albeit this un-

thankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness of the truth. And thus I cease, requiring of all men that have to oppose anything against me as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world. For to me it seems a thing most unreasonable, that in my decrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows, and *howlets* that dare not abide the light."

It was a very substantial shadow that fired a ball through the window, as he sat in his room one night at work. Kirkaldy, erst Knox's fellow-prisoner in the galleys, and for long years his devoted friend, but now Governor of Edinburgh Castle, had opened the citadel to Mary's allies and the enemies of the Church of Scotland—the Hamiltons—and the city was at their mercy. Kirkaldy's application to the guests who had become his masters, for a writ of protection for Knox, was refused curtly, and the preacher's people, with the citizens of the place, prevailed upon him, "sore against his will," to seek refuge in St. Andrews.

After his departure, an innocent man who bore the same name was set upon and beaten almost to death by mistake, and a servant of John Craig was dragged to jail because he was supposed to be in John Knox's employ. St. Giles was used as

barracks, and one of the guns mounted in the steeple "to overawe the town" was baptised, in derision, "*John Knox.*" Rumours were eagerly circulated and gladly believed that he had been cast out from St. Andrews also, "because in his yard, he had raised some sancts [saints or spirits] among whom came up the devil with horns, which, when his servant, Richard Bannatyne, saw, he *ran wood,* and so died."

It was during this residence at St. Andrews, endeared to him by so many associations, both painful and sweet, that James Melville, a student in St. Leonard's College, afterward a minister of the Church of Scotland, was a constant attendant upon Knox's preaching.

> "He would sometimes come in and repose him in our college yard, and call us scholars unto him and bless us and exhort us to know God, and His work in our country, and stand by the good cause, to use our time well, and learn the good instructions and follow the good example of our masters,"

is a paragraph from Melville's reminiscences that conjures up a pleasant and peaceful scene for us. He has left, also, a report of Knox's appearance and his pulpit behaviour

which is more familiar to the general reader :

"I had my pen and my little book, and took away such things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of his text, he was moderate the space of a half-hour. But when he entered to application he made me so to *grew* and tremble that I could not hold a pen to write. . . . He was very weak. I saw him every day go with a staff in one hand and good godly Richard Bannatyne, his servant, holding up the other, from the Abbey to the Parish Church, and by the same Richard and another servant lifted up to the pulpit, where he behooved to lean at his first entry ; but, or he had done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous that he was like to *ding* that pulpit in *blads*, and fly out of it."

CHAPTER XVI

THE "DEAD HAND BUT GLAD HEART"—A GREAT SERMON—LAST SERVICE IN ST. GILES—KIRKALDY—ILLNESS AND DEATH—FUNERAL AND THE REGENT'S EULOGY—"I. K."

"GIF this had been their first invented lie," says Bannatyne in his diary of the story of his pastor's necromancy and his own lunacy, "I would never have blackit paper for it."

Even in St. Andrews, other and later lies concocted by his enemies, with plots on the part of the Hamiltons, Kirkaldy, and other of Mary Stuart's partisans, and personal abuse from the same directed against the "decrepit" lion, kept him continually unquiet. He was appealed to by General Assemblies, by the Earl of Morton, the new Regent, by the Faculty and the students of the college, for opinions and for profes-

sional services, and meantime was editing his own works and writing "*An Answer to a letter of a Jesuit named Tyrie.*" Also "*A letter from John Knox, the servant of Jesus Christ, now weary of the world, and daily looking for the resolution of this, my earthly tabernacle,—to the Faithful that God of His mercy shall appoint after me.*"

Appended to one MS. is a letter written, years before, to Mrs. Bowes. In a note he mentions her recent death, and speaks tenderly of the Christian fellowship that had long existed between them. To his "Letter to the Faithful" he subjoins, "I heartily salute and take my good night of all the faithful in both realms. For, as the world is weary of me, so am I, of it."

While his indomitable spirit still answered to the prick of the spur when he could ride or fight for Scotland and for the King whose Courts he was so soon to tread, the frail body had never recovered from the "stroke" that was Death's forerunner. He fell into the habit of signing his name—"*John Knox, with my dead hand, but glad heart.*" To this he adds, in endorsing a sermon submitted to him by the General Assembly in August, 1572—

"Praising God, that of His mercy He leaves such light to His Kirk in this desolation."

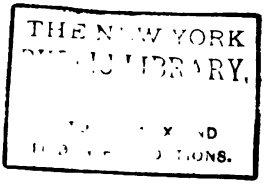
The sermon thus generously commended was preached before Regent Morton and his Lords from the third chapter of Malachi, the seventh to twelfth verses inclusive. The preacher was David Ferguson of Dunfermline.

When it was once more safe for the dispersed congregation of St. Giles to reassemble in their desecrated church, they implored their pastor to return.

"Loath we are to disease, or hurt your person any ways, but far loather to want you," was the message. He came back to them with death stamped upon form and face. After one trial of his voice in St. Giles, he asked for a smaller "preaching-place," and it was provided. John Craig had left Edinburgh in the absence of his superior, and James Lawson was hastily summoned in his place to relieve the ailing chief. Knox also wrote to him, at the request of the session, under the date of September 7, 1572. The postscript, *"Haste, lest you come too late!"* suggests the entreaty of "Paul the aged" in his last



ST. GILES'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH


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epistle to his son Timothy, "Do thy diligence to come before winter."

Before Lawson could obey the call, the Protestant world was shocked to the heart by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The death-roll of seventy thousand men, women, and children, slain in accordance with the Catholic League for the extirpation of heresy, embraced many of Knox's dear friends and acquaintances. Before the Papal bull, ordaining that thanks be everywhere offered to Almighty God for what had been done, was promulgated, Knox lifted himself from the very gates of death and demanded that he should be borne to his church.

Then with vigour that seemed superhuman in such an emaciated body, and with eloquence worthy of his palmy days, he denounced the crime, and those in whose hellish hearts it had birth. Charles IX., who had fired with his own hands upon his Huguenot subjects, was characterised as "a cruel murderer and false traitor." Le Croc, the French Ambassador, was in the audience, and the preacher, turning short upon him, with an awful gesture of his wasted hand and the glow of living fire in his eyes,

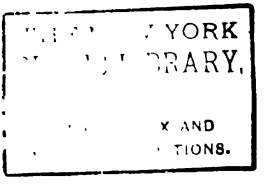
bade him tell his master that "sentence was pronounced against him in Scotland, that the divine vengeance would never depart from him, nor from his house if they did not repent; that his name would remain an execration to posterity, and none proceeding from his loins should enjoy his kingdom in peace."

Le Croc, in a fury, called upon the Regent Morton to suppress the prophet of evil, and "when this was refused, left Scotland."

Upon the 9th of November, 1572, the venerable minister preached the ordination sermon of his colleague and successor, James Lawson, in the small Tolbooth Church, after which the immense congregation repaired to St. Giles. There, Knox concluded the service of ordination, and prayed fervently for the blessing of God upon the new pastor and the people, pronounced the benediction in "a cheerful but exhausted voice," and, leaning upon Richard Bannatyne's arm, tottered down the steep street to his house. Without a loud word, the whole congregation, as one man, formed into a procession that crowded the thoroughfare, and followed slowly, many



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH


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weeping as they went, to the threshold his feet were never to press again. A pleasing tradition, repeated to the nineteenth-century visitor to the Knox house, is that the old man was supported to the window of the alcove-like study, and, leaning on the sill, took his farewell look of the people of his love, raising his hand in benediction above the sea of uplifted faces below. It is easy to believe—and to see—all this, with the dome and turrets of St. Giles filling up the end of the vista, and, a little nearer the dreaming spectator, the monument covering the site of the Market Cross where Knox was "cried against" more than once as an excommunicated traitor.

James Melville has a strange story of Knox's last days :

"Mr. David Lindsay, minister of Leith, came to visit the Reformer and asked how he did. He answered, 'Weel, brother, I thank God! I have desired all this day to have you that I may send you yet to yon man in the Castle, whom ye ken I have loved so dearly. [This was William Kirkaldy, Captain of the Castle of Edinburgh, which he was "keeping against the King and his Regent," as recorded in our last chapter.] Go, I pray you, tell him that I have sent you to him, yet once [more] to warn and bid him in the name of God, leave that evil

cause, and give ower that Castle. Gif not, he shall be brought down ower the walls with shame, and hing against the sun. Sae God has assured me.' "

Mr. Lindsay carried the message to the Captain, "whom he thought also somewhat moved," but after a conference with Secretary Lethington, Kirkaldy plucked up heart and sent an insulting letter to Knox.

Melville takes up the narrative :

"Weel, (says Mr. Knox) I have been earnest with my God anent the twa men. For the ane (Kirkaldy) I am sorry that so should befall him, yet God assures me there is mercy for his saul. For that other the (Secretary Lethington) I have nae warrant that ever he shall be weel."

The Castle surrendered, in 1573, to Morton, and Kirkaldy was condemned to death as a traitor and rebel. In a conversation with David Lindsay on the day of the execution, he told him that he

"perceived weel now that Mr. Knox was the true servant of God, and that his threatening was to be accomplished.

"And take heed (says he) I hope in God, after I shall be thought past [dead] to give you a taiken [token] of the assurance of that mercy to my saul, according to the speaking of that man of God.

"Sae, about three hours afternoon, he was brought out, and Mr. David [Lindsay] with him, and about four, the sun being wast about the northward nook of the steeple, he was put off the ladder, and his face first fell to the east, but within a little while, turned about to the wast and there remained against the sun. At whilk time, Mr. David, ever present, says he marked him, when all thought he was away [dead] to lift up his hands that were bund before him, and lay them down again saftly, whilk moved him [Lindsay] with exclamation to glorify God before all the people."

The people all believed the man to be a prophet who had died November 24, 1572, seven months before Kirkaldy was "hangit at the Cross of Edinburgh," the shadow of St. Giles steeple upon the "upliftit and bund hands." Knox ever and vehemently repudiated all claims to the gift of prophecy. In his own words, he considered himself "a simple soldier among others, and a witness-bearer unto men." What Lindsay construed into a prophetic utterance was the wise prevision of a close watcher of the times, whom experience had instructed in the laws of cause and effect. The like keenness of mental vision dictated the warning given to the Regent Morton, who came to ask his parting blessing.

Knox inquired solemnly—there being no

one besides themselves in the room--if Morton had been privy to the murder of Darnley, and, upon receiving an answer in the negative, admonished him impressively to use his talents and opportunities to the glory of God, the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ, "and for the weal of the King, and his realm and true subjects. If so ye shall do, God shall bless you and honour you. But if ye do it not, God shall spoil you of these benefits and your end shall be ignominy and shame."

Morton was beheaded nine years later, for having had to do with the assassination of the young King's father, Henry Darnley. In his last confession he owned that he had lied to the dying Knox, "inasmuch as he did know of the murder, also, that the Queen was the doer thereof."

Being asked if he had not found Knox's admonition true, he replied, "I have found it, indeed."

Other visitors were received in that august audience-chamber. It is separated from the bedroom by a door and a single step. Day after day, the master was supported between Richard Bannatyne and another man to the larger apartment, where his

armchair, heaped with pillows, was set near the window, his well-belovèd church drawn blackly against the sunset of each evening. The failing eyes must have regarded it wistfully with the fall of the gloaming, questioning if that might not be the last view he would have of it.

One formal convocation of his elders and deacons, with James Lawson and David Lindsay, received his parting message to the church.

Knowing that he should see their faces no more, he called God to witness that he had

"taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the Gospel of the Son of God, and had had it for his only object to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the faithful, to comfort the weak, the fearful and the distressed by the promises of grace, and to fight against the proud and rebellious by the Divine threatenings.

"'I know that many have frequently complained, and do still loudly complain, of my too great severity; but God knows that my mind was always void of hatred to the persons of those against whom I thundered the severest judgments. I cannot deny that I felt the greatest abhorrence at the sins in which they indulged, but still I kept this one thing in view, that, if possible, I might gain them to the Lord.'

"After reminding him of the warfare he had endured, and the triumph which awaited him, and joining

in prayer, they took their leave of him, drowned in tears."

Sunday, the 16th of November, he mistook for the first of the fast-days appointed by the Church as a period of mourning over the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and insisted upon keeping it until a brother-clergyman convinced him that the fast would not begin until the 23d. On this last-named day, he had a celestial vision of the final triumph of the "Church of God, the Spouse of Jesus Christ, despised of the world, but precious in the sight of God," and related the same in an ecstasy of happiness to the many who called. When asked if his pain were less, he exclaimed, his face aglow with holy exaltation, that "he was willing to lie there for years, if God so pleased, and if He continued to shine upon his soul through Jesus Christ."

On Monday, he was, upon his earnest insistence, partly dressed and supported to his accustomed seat. As it was evident that the end was near, he was induced to go back to his bed at the close of half an hour, and, in the full knowledge of his condition, he tenderly committed his wife

and children to the care of his intimate friend, Campbell of Kinyeancleugh.

By the middle of the afternoon, although the brave soul that looked out of the windows of the eyes was undismayed, the eyes were darkened.

"Read to me from the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians," said the stiffening tongue to his wife. And when he had heard it,—"Oh, what sweet and salutary consolation the Lord hath afforded me from that chapter! Now, for the last time, I commend my soul"—touching one finger—"my spirit"—raising a second—"and my body"—touching a third finger—"into Thy hands, O Lord!"

Two hours later in the November afternoon, he aroused from sleep and said distinctly to Mrs. Knox, who had not left his bedside, "Go, read where I cast my first anchor!" And she read the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.

His last temptation lay in wait at the very mouth of the grave:

"The cunning serpent has laboured to persuade me that I have merited heaven and eternal blessedness by the faithful discharge of my ministry. . . . By

the grace of God I am what I am. Not I, but the grace of God in me. . . . I am persuaded that the tempter shall not again attack me, but within a short time, I shall without any great pain of body, or anguish of mind, exchange this mortal and miserable life for a blessed immortality through Jesus Christ."

He was still awaiting the summons at eleven o'clock. His wife, the faithful Bannatyne, Campbell, Johnston of Elphinstone, and Dr. Preston, his physician, were about him. He had heard the evening prayers at ten o'clock—and wished "that you and all men had heard them as I have heard them."

At eleven o'clock, the silent watchers heard him say, "*Now it is come!*"

Bannatyne, yielding to the custom and superstition of the time, asked him to give them a sign that he was conscious, and that he died in peace. His wasted right hand was raised in intelligent response, and as it fell the spirit fluttered from the body that had held it painfully for sixty-six years.

Devout men bore him to his burial in the churchyard of St. Giles and made great lamentation over him. And a mighty concourse of people, together with the un-

devout Regent and his Lords, stood beside the grave as the coffin was lowered.

The Regent spoke one sentence, after the grave was filled in, so loudly and clearly that the mourning multitude heard him and carried away the epitaph in their hearts :

"THERE LIES HE WHO NEVER FEARED THE FACE OF MAN."

Richard Bannatyne, who received his master's last breath, has this to say after recounting how and when he passed away :

"In this manner departed this man of God : the light of Scotland ; the comfort of the Church within the same ; the mirror of godliness, and pattern and example to all true ministers, in purity of life, soundness of doctrine and boldness in reproving of wickedness ; one that cared not for the favour of men, how great soever they were."

Around the frieze of the entrance-hall in the old house upon the High Street of Edinburgh runs an inscription in which, all unwittingly, the Reformer had condensed the *motif* of his stormy and eventful life :

"I-AM-IN-THE-PLACE-WHERE-I-AM-DEMANDED-OF-MY-CONSCIENCE-TO-SPEAK-THE-

TRUTH-AND-THEREFORE-THE-TRUTH-I-SPEAK-IMPUGN-IT-WHOSO-LIST."

Against the wall, in a small square passage on the same floor with the room in which the master died, is the original proclamation of Mary Stuart and Henry Darnley, "against the authority usurped by the Lords of the Congregation" in 1565. To it are affixed in bold characters, the signature of "Marie R.," and, in a schoolboyish scrawl, "H. R."

That it should hang here for the curious inspection of pilgrims to the home of the man they hated and hunted, tells the rest of my story.

The old churchyard of St. Giles has been swept away by the flood of desolations and restorations that has dashed up against the foundations of the ancient church. What afterward became Parliament Square comprised the cemetery within its area. The mortal remains of Scotland's greatest Statesman and Divine lie beneath the stones of the street dividing St. Giles from the Houses of Parliament, now no longer used as such. A worn flat slab let into the pavement is lettered "I. K."

That is all.

The thunder of traffic goes on above his head all day long, and far into the night.

"Lord! give me Scotland, or I die!"

That prayer answered, what matter where the deaf dust lies?



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